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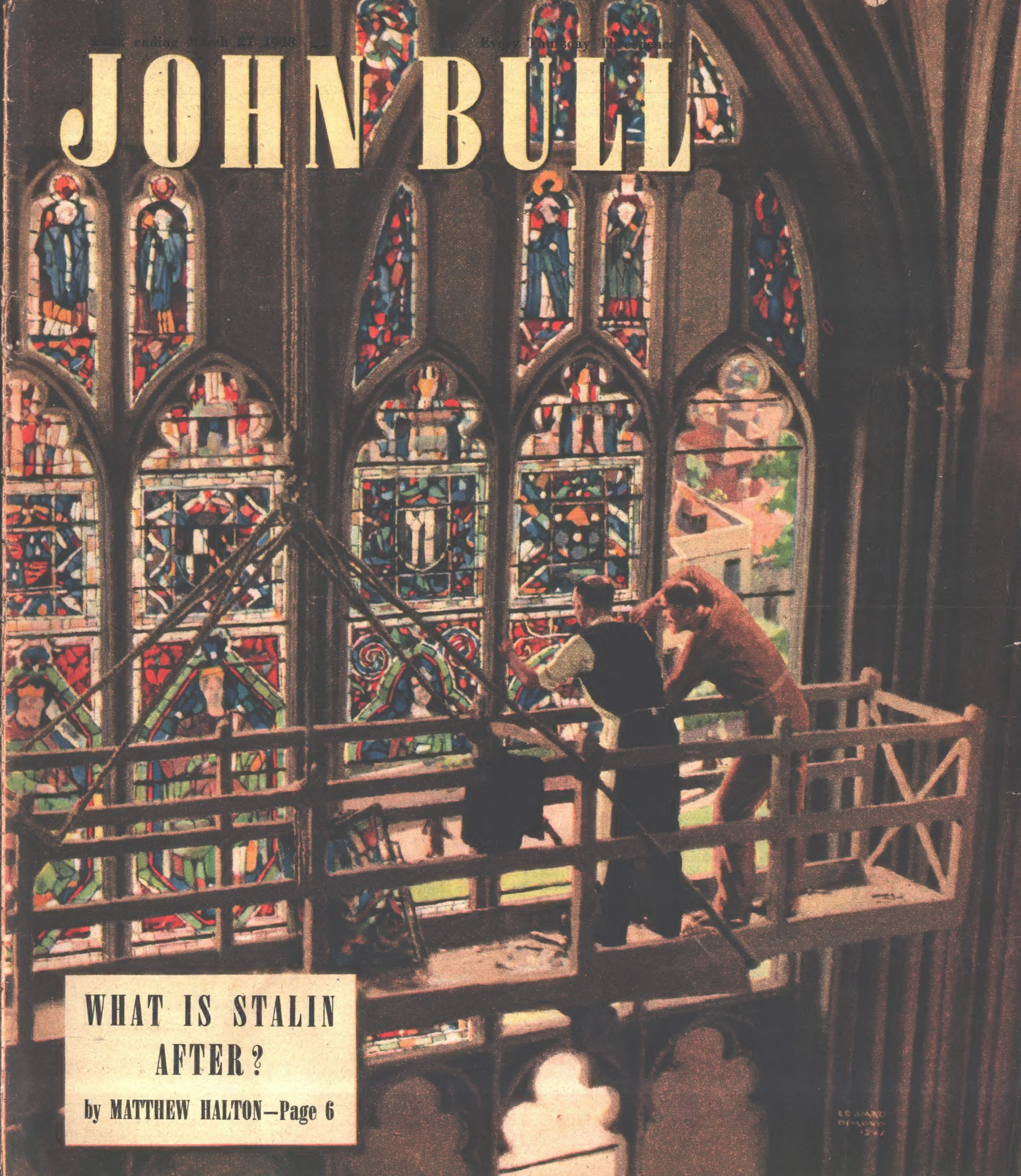

WHAT IS STALIN AFTER?

by MATTHEW HALTON—Page 6

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JOHN BULL

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MARCH 27, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2178

Seaside Inflation

THE GENERAL ATTACK on inflated prices has begun—but not everywhere, and in particular not at the seaside.

Already, this Easter week, there are signs that the get-rich-quick seaside sharks are far more anxious to push prices up a little higher than to hold them down or reduce them.

Last week, JOHN BULL suggested a method of dealing with the people who make a habit of overcharging for holiday accommodation. Now let's consider the rackets in incidentals—rackets like fleecing children sixpence a time for twopenny ices; milking grown-ups sixpence for cups of coffee and tea; raising the prices of meals.

These extra charges are all being blamed on the Catering Wages Act, which, in some quarters, has become a scourge with which to whip more out of holidaymakers' pockets.

We wholeheartedly approve of better wages and working conditions for hotel and restaurant employees. But we do not see why this should be used as an alibi for extortionate prices.

The general level of wages at the seaside places has been high for a long time. The new Act does not necessarily justify proprietors of holiday hotels, restaurants and cafés in "bumping" their charges still further. Yet the extras are already going on, a penny here, sixpence there—it all mounts up!

The simplest way to stamp out these holiday rackets is to boycott the racketeers, and, with less to spend this year, most of us will find it easier to do just that.

But this does not excuse the Government from taking steps to protect holidaymakers. More power should be given to the seaside councils to investigate and punish cases of gross overcharging. In the end, only they can purge their resorts of the profiteers.

Democracy — Or Else . . .

FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN comes a succession of warnings. Each dismal event such as the tragic death of Jan Masaryk tells us with certainty that we cannot make any more concessions to Communism if we are to be safe in our own way.

JOHN BULL does not seek to denounce any normal political party as such. But Communism is different. It is both more and less than a political party.

It is more, because it is a religion and an economic system as well as a political tyranny.

It is less, because before it can flourish it has to kill all other parties and, in fact, abolish all that we in Britain *mean* by true political life.

Communism appears just as much the enemy of our free British institutions as Hitlerism was. Every vote given to an avowed Communist in this country is, in effect, a vote to end voting. If more people realized that fact, there would be no further Communist successes in Parliamentary and municipal elections or in the ballots for trade union jobs.

In Britain, the good sense and instinctive love of liberty of the ordinary people have so far kept the menace down to small proportions.

Abroad, there is greater danger. In Italy, for example, next month's general elections might see a Communist gain in strength. We cannot do much about that—we can only watch and hope.

But we *can* do something, each of us and all of us, to stop Communism in our own land.

Study the latest moves in Red Europe—and ask your friends if they want those things to happen here. Make them realize, and make them *think*.

For the sake of all the blessings of liberty we believe in—but too often take for granted—it must be democracy, or else. . . .

Mass Emigration : an Idea

HUGH DALTON SAID the other day that it doesn't seem sensible that forty-eight million people should be packed into this small island while the great spaces of the Dominions remain comparatively empty.

Now, an awful lot of our problems would be eased if this unequal distribution of the Empire's population could be evened out a bit. Is it possible?

In the past, emigration has been undertaken by individuals, who went abroad with only their brains and brawn—and perhaps a little money.

It is worth considering whether the changed times do not demand something new—emigration of whole communities, taking their industries with them! It is argued that this would be better than sending so much food and raw materials half-way round the world to Britain, and sending so many of our manufactures half-way round the world to the Dominions.

Clearly a smaller population here would be better able to feed itself from the soil of Britain. It would also be less vulnerable in war to attack by air and to strangulation of its shipping.

As Dalton added, this is a long-term idea. It would not help with our immediate difficulties, but it is well worth thinking about.

The closer Britain and her young sister nations work together, the more prosperous and powerful they can become. What better way than by sharing out the available population more fairly and economically?

Of course, tremendous human and material problems are involved. But they might prove less formidable than some of our present ones.

Now for the Budget

IN A FEW DAYS, we shall hear Sir Stafford Cripps's first Budget speech — and we obviously aren't going to enjoy it.

His economic survey for 1948 gave us some idea of what to expect.

Each year we think we have got to the bottom of the barrel; each year we find that the barrel has another bottom lower down.

Yet, in spite of every new austerity, we are not doing so badly. That is why Sir Stafford Cripps is going to have difficulty in selling his proposition that still more sacrifices and more effort are needed.

The fact is, most of us, in spite of all the warnings, don't yet know that this is our economic Dunkirk.

It is; but we are still comfortable enough to be cushioned from the shock of the truth.

Experience should by now have taught Sir Stafford that gloomy prophecies are not enough to make the nation sit up and take real notice. The more he makes, the more we yawn. Try a new tack, Sir Stafford—try cheering us up with some concrete estimates of how soon we will get back the things we want if we try harder.

Choke-shrink
Dick's in a mood for murder. His shirt was the right size when new—but now it's so shrunk it's driving him crazy.
Hope-shrink
No! Pete doesn't think he's a fish. He bought that shirt oversize to allow for shrinkage—now he's trying to shrink it to fit.
Shirts with this label won't shrink out of fit
•SANFORIZED•
SHRUNK FABRIC

terribly excited over some of the things the cards told about the future. But the present seemed sweet enough, with that gorgeous box of Black Magic chocolates he brought. Those heavenly centres
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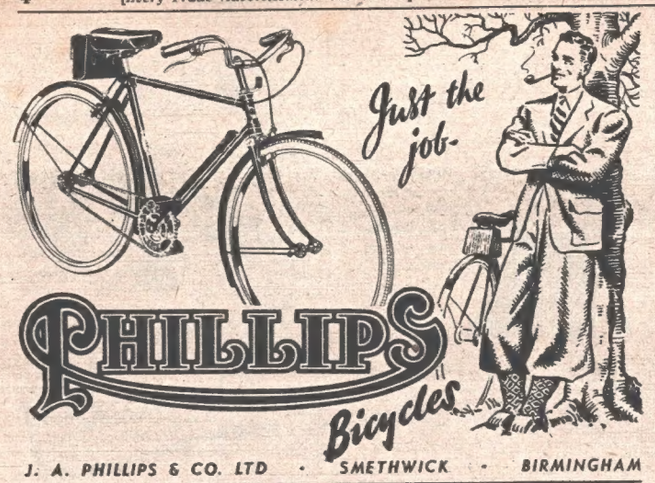

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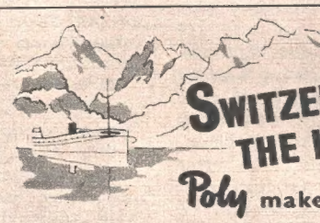

SWITZERLAND BACK ON THE HOLIDAY MAP!

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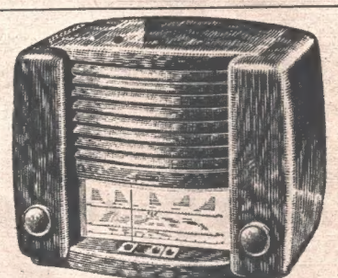
THE SET YOU HAVE BEEN HOPING FOR!



Here is the perfect set for family listening — the new, striking 5-valve, 3-waveband G.E.C. Table Model BC4850, with all the features the most critical family can want — outstanding sensitivity, uncannily realistic reproduction, and a superbly rich and attractive plastic cabinet. All combined with the attention to detail design and the lasting reliability which characterise every G.E.C. set. Moderately priced at 18 gns. (Purchase Tax £6.2.10 *extra*), the BC4850 represents today's outstanding value.

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The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

The "Lost Weekenders" Now Cure Themselves

by Harry Hopkins

Ex-drunks take sardonic pleasure in ridiculing their own foibles. These cartoons come from the *Grapevine*, monthly journal of American alcoholics

"BUT DIDN'T YOU KNOW, she *drinks*!" The tones are shocked, the word almost whispered. Alcoholism, like venereal disease a decade ago, is still something people don't talk about—or try to laugh off.

Yet Alcoholism, in fact, is neither shameful nor comic. It has nothing to do with normal drinking; even with ordinary drunkenness. It is a disease, as malignant and insidious as cancer. It resembled cancer also in being, in its later stages, incurable . . . until a chance meeting between a couple of drunks in Akron, Michigan, thirteen years ago.

It was Mother's Day, and the fuddled brain of the first drunk, a doctor, groped desperately for the proper reaction to this important American occasion. He went out, bought a large potted plant, and, zigzagging home from his surgery, deposited it with extravagant care upon his wife's lap. He then went upstairs and passed out.

His wife hardly blinked an eyelid. She was used to that sort of thing. In thirty-five years she'd watched the doctor drink himself out of his practice.

All the same it was a red letter day. For there was in Akron that day a certain New York stockbroker who had faced the same problem himself. And he had beaten it with the discovery that by working on other drunks he could keep away from the bottle himself. But no ex-alcoholic, he knew, is ever 100 per cent safe, and now, a stranger in Akron, he was without a drunk to work on.

Stockbroker Healed Doctor

The doctor, introduced by a friendly parson, was a life-saver. The stockbroker set about him hungrily. But it was tough going. There was plenty of back-sliding. In the end, though, the stockbroker healed the physician.

The two men decided that two ex-drunks together were safer than two ex-drunks apart. The stockbroker moved into the doctor's house and together they started to consolidate their victory by going to work on Akron's drunks. By the spring of 1939 they'd scored a hundred cures.

And each convert, as a part of his cure, went to work on newer converts. Anonymity, amateurism, were first principles. There was little organization, only the motto: "The more we are together, the soberer we will be."

The chain of restarted lives grew till it spanned the United States. Last year it reached London.

"To contact Alcoholics Anonymous, British Branch, write BM/AAL, W.C.1. . . ."

I wrote. . . . We met, as arranged, in his office after the staff had gone home. He was in his early forties, a picture of rugged health and professional prosperity. We sat on alone in the empty City office and he told me how eight months ago he had been smiling through an alcoholic haze as his business disappeared, his friends walked out, his children's future was endangered.

He'd been in about as bad a mess as a man could be. He was drinking himself to death and he couldn't stop.

It had all begun, he said, years before, when a young man of twenty-eight, he was disappointed in a love affair—although he personally believes that if it hadn't been that way it would have been another: he was doomed from the start. Anyway, he went on drowning his sorrows.

Alcoholics who want to reform must discuss their pink elephants with other drunks. That's the principle behind the new self-cure

Many times in the next fifteen years he tried to pull up. And sometimes he did—for a while. But he always started drinking again. He lost three good jobs. He would have an important appointment to keep. He would know that one drink might be fatal. But he would take that drink. And another to build up his confidence. And another to keep it up. He began to miss appointments. Pretty soon he was disappearing for days at a time. Mr. B.'s "bad colds" became a byword.

Of course, he took cures, two or three of them. And each time he left the nursing home he would tell himself with the peculiar obstinacy of the alcoholic that *now* he knew how to handle his liquor.

And each time he would wind up in the gutter again. The ravages of the bouts got worse. He wasn't as young as he used to be.

"You've got a career, a fine family," his friends would say. "Now, why can't you be sensible? In the end they gave him up. "Lost weekends" got more frequent. Then the languid, roseate world that fumed from the bottles began to shut out the real world. He felt his sanity slipping. At that moment, providentially, John B. met Bill.

Bill was a Canadian. Building bridges and harbours in odd corners of the world, he, too, had found "one drink too many and fifty too few." Then, one leave, he'd hit on the organization called Alcoholics Anonymous.

It had no highfalutin' jargon, no special medicine. It believed that the best person to cure a drunk was an ex-drunk; and on that simple idea had built a drunks' mutual aid society with a membership of 50,000, 2,000 groups in U.S. cities, and a record of seventy-five per cent cures.

Over in Britain on a job, Bill was trying to get a London branch going. He invited John B. to one of the first weekly meetings where A.A.s get together to swop experiences, wet and dry. There was, he explained, no subscription. "This," he said, "is the most expensive club in the world—but we've already paid our membership."

John B. went to the meeting. Before he'd been in the room five minutes his suspicions had melted. This was *it*. This was the thing that would free him. "I felt a tremendous relief at being able to talk to people freely, without hiding anything." He was amazed, too, at the obvious happiness of the ex-drunks, comparing their pink elephants.

Today John B. has been "free" for eight months. He still marvels at being able to wake up in the morning with a brain that responds. In A.A. language, this is his "honeymoon" period.

Twenty-Four Hour Plan

He has taken on a couple of A.A.s less advanced than himself. With one of them, Jerry D., a young stockbroker, he lunches once a week.

John B. is coaching him in A.A.'s "easy-does-it" way. Concentrate on the next twenty-four hours only. Hold off that drink just that long. Then try another twenty-four hours. They add up.

Jerry's still a bit shaky, but he knows it just won't be any use trying to kid fellow A.A.s you haven't been drinking if you have. They know all the tricks, all the alibis. There's nothing you can teach *them* about hiding bottles. But Jerry knows also that any time, day or night, he gets the jitters he only has to reach for the phone and a fellow A.A. will drop everything and dash to the rescue.

This isn't just altruism on the part of the rescuing A.A. His own cure depends on the energy with which he applies himself to saving others. "It would be just unthinkable," explains John B., "to take a drink when you're working on somebody

else." He was a very happy man for he had just acquired a new convert to work on—a woman reduced to a mere parcel of skin and bones. To keep her in drink was costing her husband £1,200 a year. The poor man was at his wits' end. Medical attention was imperative—but so many doctors had tried their hands that now she flew into a rage at the mere mention of another "cure."

John B. approached the subject deviously. At first she wouldn't believe that this robust and self-possessed individual could have been like her, a drunk. But his experiences convinced her, and finally she agreed to enter a nursing home again.

This time, he told her, it was going to be different. She would never again know the intolerable loneliness of the alcoholic who suddenly finds himself sober. A.A.s, ex-drunks all, would visit her. With them she could let her hair down. Others would write. And the date she took her last drink would go into the A.A.'s Birthday Book to be duly celebrated when it came round again.

She would, in fact, pursue the "Twelve Steps." Step number one is taken when the alcoholic acknowledges that he *is* an alcoholic. The average chap gets drunk once in a while, lays off the stuff next day. The alcoholic gets drunk, gets sick, goes on drinking.

Psychologists point to emotional maladjustment, add that worst risks are the only child, or one boy among a family of girls, or one girl among boys. Danger ages: the early forties for men, around thirty-five for women (who make up one-fifth of America's alcoholics).

Ginger Ale and Memories

Treatment is a powerful compound of conversion, self-analysis and good humour. The new A.A. must follow the "Twelve Steps," retracing his erring course, repairing the damage done.

Then, the lighter side: the solace of comradeship. A.A. conviviality is generated on ginger ale and memories. American A.A.s have their fine club-houses, their magazines, *Grapevine, The Empty Jug, The Camel Club Chronicle.* One magazine prints a gallery of "Alky Types"; another runs a competition, "My Best Hiding Place." In New York there's a big A.A. restaurant where extra large helpings of ice cream and sweets are served.

For such elaboration, A.A.'s British branch will have to wait some time yet. The snowball has to get rolling. But two of Britain's leading psychiatrists are working with A.A. And in a Midlands town a prominent (and alcoholic) local citizen is forming the first provincial group.

At the dimensions of its field in Britain, A.A. can only guess, but in its secret files the evidence is piling up: tragic stories of careers adrift, frantic letters from bewildered families, pathetic appeals from the drunks themselves. A doctor writes from Cumberland: "My practice is going to pieces. . . ." A mill owner scribbles shakily from Manchester: "I know I can't go on much longer? Can you help?"

The skeletons are coming out of the cupboards at last. They are coming out very satisfactorily—and under their own power.

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Everyday Heroes

I THINK much of the world's unhappiness can be put down to lack of courage. I am not talking about heroism, or of the type of courage daily displayed by miners and fishermen in their jobs.

The courage I mean is the kind demanded by ordinary life: the courage to do right regardless of consequences; to see our duty and be resolute in doing it, and above all to refuse to prosper at the expense of others.

Or as the poet James Lowell put it:

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained: knowest thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy: do this deed for me"?

I am tempted to add, at all costs, be resolute. Once your mind is made up—go ahead.

STALIN'S NEXT STEP

by MATTHEW HALTON

It's hard to pinpoint Stalin's long-range objectives. One thing we must do: set about the long-range task that could beat Communism without war

WHAT ARE THE REAL INTENTIONS of the men who rule Russia? In the debate in the House of Lords after the murder of the free Czech republic, Lord Halifax made a significant remark: "It is necessary to bend our ingenuity to the discovery of the most plausible explanation of Soviet policy."

In other words, what's going on in the Kremlin? What is the long-term policy of Stalin, or the Politburo, or whatever makes up the governing intelligence of Russia? Are these people really hell-bent for a Communist world—or is their intransigence simply the result of their fear of a capitalist crusade?

Most of us, in this anxious spring, are asking ourselves those questions. So are our governments.

It is less than three years since the end of the second World War, and the miasma still hangs above the reeking fields. It is less than three years since the episode at Hiroshima which shocked and frightened the world. Yet we are talking of war.

A few hundred atomic bombs could probably wipe out community civilization as we know it—and some responsible scientists talk about even more frightful results. Atomic and bacteriological war, they say, could wipe all life, even vegetable life, from the earth. "Even the moss and ferns would shrivel from the rocks," says one, "and the globe would whirl onward into space as nothing more than a ball of stone."

It is hard to realize such unutterables in our bones, and we fall back on wishful unthinking. But we are racing to disaster.

Only an irresponsible or wicked person would say outright that war is inevitable, because his statement would be a contribution to its inevitability. It is never inevitable until it comes. But quite clearly civilization is in danger, and only an extraordinary effort of statesmanship and a spectacular closing of the ranks will save us in the next few years. And in this dreadful situation we do not even know what the potential enemy is thinking.

Blanket of Silence

When Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, leader of the Polish Peasant Party, arrived in London after his escape from Poland, he was asked what he considered to be the Kremlin's long-term policy. And he replied: "It is so hard to know. In the Kremlin all is silence. World-important things happen there that the world never hears about. Great events happen in Russia that Russia never hears about. . . . It is hard to know."

I put the same question recently to a hard-headed and brilliant Socialist statesman, and he said something just as striking: "My fear—but not my conviction—is that the Kremlin has in fact drawn up its blueprint for a Communist world, and regards an eventual conflict as inevitable. My fear, not my conviction. You see the difference. No one can be sure."

And that underlines the most astonishing and dangerous thing about the whole tragic situation. Never before in modern times, not even in war, has one great country been so completely cut off from the rest of the world. It is harder for us to know what is going on in the inner councils of the Russian Government than it was, say, for an anxious Egyptian court to appreciate the intentions of a Caesar two thousand years ago.

We grasp eagerly at every straw of information about Russia. We study the words of every traveller, though he may have seen nothing but the bar of the Metropole Hotel in Moscow. Every book written by an ex-Communist apostate is a best seller, because we are all anxious to learn.

We read an account of the Russian labour camps, *The Dark Side of the Moon*: it sounds authentic—but we do not know. We read a Kravchencko: that one did not sound too authentic to me—but we do not know. The Soviet governing intelligence may even mean well—but we do not know. If the brotherhood of man itself swept over the Western world, the Russians would not learn about it; and if it swept through the Kremlin the Western world would not know.

We can only wonder, and guess.

Conflicting Theories

During the last year I have put this question to almost every public man I have interviewed. I have tabulated the replies of dozens of M.P.s, including members of this and former governments, and scores of other well-known people, from Bertrand Russell to the Archbishop of Canterbury, from trades union leaders to millionaires, from crypto-Communists at a Labour Party conference to quasi-Fascists at a Tory one. And among those who have made up their minds I found five or six main schools of thought.

You would find much the same groups of opinion in your local pub, but it may be interesting and even useful to sort them out.

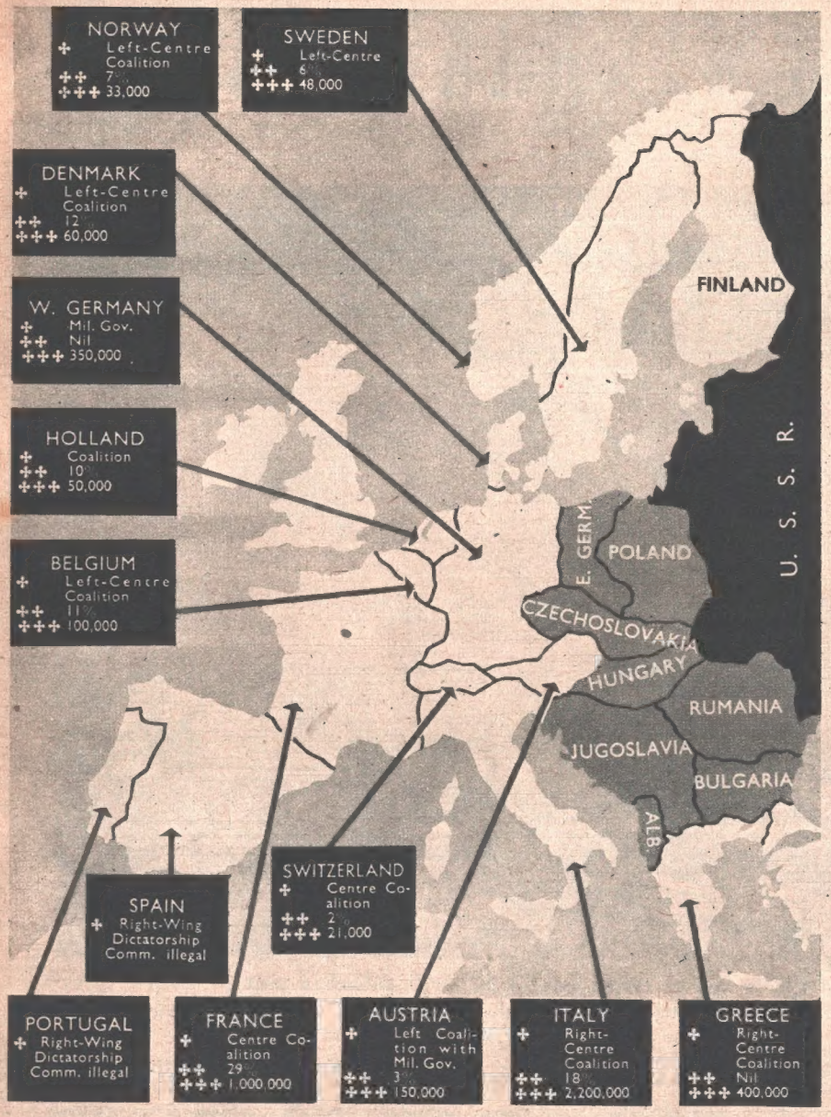
First, there are those who think that the men who rule the Soviet Union are genuinely convinced there will always be war until the whole world is united under one Communist system; and that, obsessed religiously with that belief, they are actually planning the conquest of the globe. They have set no dates, of course; they are cunning and long-term thinkers; they will wait till they are as powerful technologically as America—but burrowing and scheming in the meantime to win more and more countries from within.

A sub-section of this school believes that the driving dynamic of the Kremlin is not idealistic Communism at all, but simply imperialism or lust for power, the same old impulsions that have always pushed men and nations to great enterprise.

"If you really believe that they've decided everything but the dates," I said to a distinguished member of this school, "surely the logical thing for you would be to work for a preventive war."

He gave the answer that any civilized man must give. "Logical, yes," he said, "and perhaps even humanitarian. Stop the rot before it has gone too far; stop Russia now, when it could be done without destroying civilization. But we won't do it, of course, because to peoples like ours the very idea of a preventive war is too repugnant to consider seriously. This may be a suicidal hesitation on our part, but there it is. The Russians would probably do it if the power rôles were reversed, but their makeup is different. We are too civilized to attack the force that plans deliberately to destroy us. It is the classic dilemma of liberalism."

The second main school of thought holds that the Russian leaders are certainly intent on the conquest



Countries behind the Iron Curtain

+ Type of government now in office

++ Approximate proportion of Communist M.P.s or deputies

+++ Total number of known Communist Party members

Two Europes, spring 1948. In the coming weeks, attention will focus on Italy, where elections are due on April 18. A chief Marshall Aid country, Italy has highest Communist Party membership of any "free" Western State

of the world for Communism (or for Russia), but that they will stop short of war if the Western world is strong, united and determined. And why should they want a showdown when so many factors are in their favour?

Time is on their side, not ours, because democracy is incoherent and passive while Communism is purposeful and militant. We say we have something better than Communism to offer—but we are not offering it. At this very moment, for example, Communism is winning China—winning one-fourth of the people of the world. To us, individual freedom is the basis of all progress; there is no social good without it. But hundreds of millions of people throughout the world are at a different level of development: they have never known liberty—and they are hungry. To them the Communist appeal is irresistible.

Let us face the facts: to the Chinese peasant or the starving Indian or the African native, Communism offers the brotherhood of man. We Westerners talk about a world commonwealth without facing a single one of its terrific implications. A Russian general said to me (and it was in Berlin, on the night of the German surrender, when the city was still burning): "We Communists are certain to win the world in the long run if only because we have no race prejudice. When Asia awakens, pride alone will turn her to Communism. The intermarriage of the world's peoples is bound to come—and while you abhor the thought, we welcome it; and the day is not so far away." Perhaps it is just as simple as that.

The third school of thought on the great Kremlin mystery is this: the Russian rulers would, naturally, like a Communist world, just as we would like a democratic one; but their policies are, in fact, the result of fear. And, it is asked, how can we blame them?

The West organized one holy war against them after the first World War, vilified them between the wars, and, clutching its dividends to its frightened bosom, actually based its later foreign policy on the cry that "Hitler was a bulwark against Communism." Today, many soldiers, newspaper publishers, politicians and sects are openly panting for another holy war. Can we blame the Russians for being afraid, and for desperately pushing out the *cordon sanitaire* of friendly states on their frontiers?

"Generally, when people are afraid," I argued with a Labour M.P. of this school, "they talk softly. They even crawl. They at least try to appear friendly until they feel strong."

"Or else they bluff," was the reply.

The Communists Among Us

Another group among us are the Communists and pro-Communists themselves. They profess, of course, that the Kremlin's motives are benevolent. The threat to peace is from the "Anglo-American warmongers."

A fifth school is the large body of blind optimists who cannot be said to think at all. Some like Russia and some detest her, but they all say things are going to be all right. "Nobody wants atomic war," they say, "so there will be no war in our time." These ostriches are always with us, with their heads deep in the warming sand. Nobody wants war, but it will take an enormous effort of intellectual energy and moral fervour—that is, of statesmanship—to prevent it.

Finally, there are the pessimists, who believe that the Kremlin does plan world conquest, at any cost, sooner or later, and that in any case the fearful clash of the two worlds is inevitable. Only world government can ordain the World Pax, they say, and there is little hope of world government—until after the third World War.

One of the most distinguished of the pessimists is Bertrand Russell, who thinks we have only five or ten years left to us—twenty years, he says, "is the extreme limit of optimism."

"World government is certain to come," he told me, "but probably not in time. There are only two ways in which it can come: by agreement or by force. The better way is by agreement among all nations. The easier way, and I'm afraid the more likely, is by the supremacy of one nation. If it doesn't come by agreement, very soon, there will almost certainly be war. Either the United States or Russia would win such a war, and impose a world peace.

"If we could get through to the minds of the Russian people, something might be done. But they are sealed off. What the Soviet rulers think is surely made plain by their actions; and what their people think is dictated by the rulers."

Those are the main divisions of opinion in this country about the mind of the Kremlin.

The most dangerous thing, in my own opinion, is that Stalin and company are ideologues who really believe their own theories. They believe it is quite impossible for capitalism or social democracy to succeed. They believe with dogmatic fervour that our systems are inherently decadent and bound to collapse, and this spurs them on to greater adventures.

The only thing that might stop them is proof that they are wrong. The only hope is a united Western world, with a standard of prosperity and happiness that would destroy the very basis of Communism, and with a strength that would prevent aggression.

The pessimists say that this is less a hope than a delusion. They say it is still one world or none. In a two-world system there would be constant unease, and unease breeds panic. Suspicion and fear and then hate would grow on both sides. In our own countries, democracy itself would be in danger at the hands of the scaremongers. Anyone who so much as voiced a doubt would be called a traitor—we can see the trend already in the United States, where even liberalism is now suspect. Xenophobia would grow.

Inevitably the moment would come when someone, somewhere—moved more perhaps by fear than by malevolence—would press the trigger, push the button, launch the rocket with the atomic warhead.

If West Becomes Strong

Well, they may be right—but that is despair, and we must not despair. Let us see how it might develop if the Western world became brilliantly prosperous and overwhelmingly strong. The union would be so mighty, say the optimists, that it could keep the peace. We would not attack Russia because we are not built that way, and the Russians would be afraid to attack us. The world would begin to breathe a little more freely, and settle down to an equilibrium of sorts. Gradually fears and passions and even ideologies would cool. The Kremlin would come in time to see the futility of its dream. And, who knows, mankind might open its eyes on some tremendous morning and realize with a wild joy that the menace of war was gone; and there would be a flowering of the human life and spirit such as the world has never seen.

Ideas are more potent in the long run than bombs; and if our ideas were seen to work—giving freedom and justice to all classes, wiping out permanently hunger, unemployment and exploitation, building a real Commonwealth of the West—then all men everywhere would be drawn toward our camp.

That is the only hope.

ARE YOU THE EMIGRANT TYPE?

Homesickness is an emigrant's worst enemy. Those who conquer it in South Africa will find a sunny open-air life, plentiful food and a variety of jobs—*if* they conquer it

Gaily-coloured spring flowers carpet one of Jo'burg's suburban parks. Such scenes compensate newcomers for snags like housing shortage or loneliness

ISN'T SOUTH AFRICA one of the few remaining countries in the world where life is fine and free? The sun shines, there are good jobs, plenty of food, plenty of money to be made; no old fashioned class distinctions, little snobbery; everybody is friendly and happy. That's the bright picture our Service boys brought home.

They were tipped out of their dark, stuffy troopships on to the sunny beaches of Durban and Capetown for seven days of glorious freedom. The South Africans opened their hearts and their homes to them. They were whisked off to bathing parties in fat American cars.

The trouble now is that some of those Service boys, who came home, collected their wives and children and went back to South Africa as settlers, have found that real life there isn't a bit like those joyous, ginned-up days in Durban. The conquering hero looking in on any country gets a very different reception from the man in search of a job.

It's true that South Africans welcome our immigrants, who are flocking there in thousands, and that in many parts of the Union there are still more jobs than men to fill them. But there are still more people in South Africa looking for homes than there are houses and flats to put them in. There is Government control of the letting of all types of house and flat accommodation; so you go on a waiting list and work your way slowly to the top on a strictly organized system of priorities. (Sounds like Britain, doesn't it?)

If you are going to work up-country on a farm or a tobacco plantation you can get a few native "boys" to help you knock up a mud-walled, rush-roofed shack that will give all the protection you need. You'll have to bore for your own water or carry it in buckets half a mile from the nearest neighbour's bore hole.

Prefabs Built of Mud

The rush-roofed hut is much better than it sounds. Up in Southern Rhodesia, where British immigrants are pouring in at the rate of a thousand a month and they expect to double the white population in the next five years, the Government are letting out mud-walled "prefabs" at £7 10s. a month with cooker and refrigerator supplied. A "frig." is a *must* in their heat. *Piesa* houses, they call them, with two bedrooms, one good-sized living-room, kitchen, bathroom and pantry.

Of course a mud house in Southern Rhodesia, or a planter's bungalow in Kenya or Tanganyika where "Operation Groundnuts" is getting under way, or a balcony flat overlooking the sea at Durban are all about as different as can be when you come to think of them in terms of "home." Yet three emigrant families all going, as one would say, to "South Africa" and whose menfolk are going to settle in £10 or £15 a week jobs might find themselves in any one of those different types of home.

So the familiar questions: "What is South Africa really like?" "What sort of jobs are there available?" and "Shall we really enjoy living there?" call for a little clear thinking. And that starts from another question, "Are you the emigrant type?"

Years ago I thought that nothing in the world could be more delightful than to be able to live and work somewhere out in the Empire. I was then lucky enough to move into a new job that took me on business journeys to Australia, South Africa, New Zealand—all sorts of places. It wasn't just a case of visiting those countries; I stayed there for months at a time.

And I have now decided that I am *not* the emigrant type. I am still young and still very ambitious, so it is not a case of getting old and losing interest. The fact is that I have come to the conclusion that Britain can still offer young people as many chances of success as ever she could and, what is more, she provides them with a richer, fuller life than they will find in many other countries. For there's more to enjoyment and happiness than a full belly. There's a full mind as well.

Wives Hanker for Home

Here's one very interesting point that I came across on my African visit. I have about a dozen families in mind, people who have moved out there since the war. They've gone to all manner of jobs. Some are in brassy, money-spinning Johannesburg, others are in fruit-farming down at the Cape, some are tobacco-planting in Southern Rhodesia; one fellow has gone to work down a gold mine, and there was one who went into the sweaty heat of Natal just outside Durban, to a sugar plantation factory.

The men, filled with all the zest and eagerness inspired by tackling a strange new job, seemed happy enough.

It was their wives who interested me. All those women, with one exception, were utterly miserable and longed for the day when their husbands would throw up their jobs and go home. "If only we could get back to England just for a week or two to see the shops and the trees and the villages, to talk to our friends, to see a show in London."

These ordinary, homely, hardworking British housewives found themselves dressing for lunch, having twelve o'clock cocktails brought into the drawing-room by their white-coated native house-boys, being driven to the Country Club for tennis and tea, playing poker with the neighbours between tea and dinner, and then going on to buffet supper parties which lasted from eight until midnight—and still they would rather have been home in England.

When nobody seems to have anything to talk about but "what we lost at cards last night," and "what we've made in gold shares on the stock market this week," and "what we're going to do at the beach party next weekend," life seems quite inexplicably to have lost all worthwhile meaning.

The interesting fact is that before they left here those women all hoped and expected life in South Africa was going to be just exactly like that; it would be such a colourful, exciting relief after austerity Britain. And so it was—for a month or two. Then it began to pall.

That was the experience of eleven out of a dozen women who went with their husbands and families to South Africa. The one exception and her husband drove out to Southern Rhodesia from England in their Wolseley car. They've bought themselves a piece of land—three acres for £30—just outside Salisbury, they're training a couple of Nyasa boys to "fetch and carry," and, as they bake their own mud bricks and ferret round the stores in town for nails and odd lengths of wood and piping, so they are building their own home.

Meanwhile, she teaches music in Salisbury, he writes books, and until the house is built they're living in a lean-to tent pitched alongside the car. Until they can sink their own well, they carry

by David Mills

their water from the nearest neighbour's house five minutes' walk away; she washes her hair in a bucket and, of course, there's no chain-pulling sanitation.

In England they had a lovely home. Then they were bombed out and got more and more fed-up and depressed. Now, in spite of the hardships of the type of life they have chosen, they are as "happy as Larry."

Most of the dozen women I've mentioned are the wives of professional men—doctors, architects, journalists—and I'm not pretending for a moment that their reactions are typical of the feelings of all the emigrants who are going out to South Africa. Of course they're not, but they do give point to my earlier question, "Are you the emigrant type?"

Physical Paradise; Mental Stagnation

You can best decide this for yourself, I think, when you realize that South Africa, and, indeed, most of the Empire countries, are *young* countries by comparison with Great Britain. There's a fresh, open-air, open-hearted, rough-and-readiness about life there. Huge new cinemas and the money-snobbish suburban "country" clubs are nearly the sum-total of social life in the towns. At the weekends, there is everything from cricket to surf-riding, bowls to big-game shooting. The accent is on the *physical* exhilaration of life.

But the folk who feel a sort of empty loneliness in these "wide open spaces" of the Empire are those who, back in England here, would like to go to the ballet occasionally, who would queue up for hours to see Sir Malcolm Sargent conduct for the Royal Choral Society, who love to read about and hear people talking about art and music and politics, who like a good play or a music hall show, or to go to the town hall on the Saturday night when Ernie Bevin is coming down to speak.

Easy money? Well, you have to work for it in South Africa, but you *can* get high wages. As for jobs, there are plenty. Whatever work a man is doing here, he is almost certain to find a first-class opportunity for doing similar work in South Africa.

Cheap Living, But Money Soon Goes

Income tax is low; scarcely noticeable at all for a family man until he gets up towards £1,000 a year. Rents are reasonable, food is cheap in endless unrationed variety, beer is slightly dearer than ours, wines cheap at four shillings to six shillings a bottle, South African cigarettes three shillings for fifty.

Yet many people who have settled in South Africa say that £15 a week there doesn't go as far as it does in Britain. The answer, I think, is that the outdoor distractions tempt people to live up to and beyond their pay. Nearly one white family in two runs a car, many of them on hire purchase. Nearly everybody plays bowls or cricket or tennis, which means a club membership fee of anything up to ten guineas and a couple of drinks or more most evenings. And, so the money goes.

It all adds up to this. South Africa offers good rewards for hard work, and endless outdoor enjoyment.

The people there (don't forget there are still a percentage of Afrikaners who remember the Boer War) like you for what you are. There is no class distinction apart from the beginnings of a certain money snobbery in the bigger cities.

But before you decide to go you want to be sure there are not too many things about life in Britain you are going to miss. And too many people.

Don't forget the opportunities, either. They're still here in Britain—bigger than ever, if you can only recognize them.

The job that inspired this week's John Bull cover. Sam Caldwell, the stained glass craftsman, cleans a twelfth-century window. Canterbury Cathedral's windows all tell tales. Sam has them off pat

Ancient Lights

by HUBERT COLE

SAM CALDWELL was having the stained glass windows put back in Canterbury Cathedral when artist Edward Osmond got the idea for this week's JOHN BULL cover. The first time Caldwell took them down was in 1915. They were stored in the crypt and in dug-outs. They went to the same hideouts in 1939. Now, after two and a half years' work, they are in place again.

Only the ancient and valuable glass was stored. The modern stuff, of which Sam has a poor opinion, was left up, and got badly blitzed. It will be fifteen years before all the windows of the cathedral are filled with stained glass.

It was in 1877, the year when Victoria was declared Empress of India, that Sam, then fifteen, came into the family business and began to learn how to tend and replace the cathedral glass. Now, at eighty-six, he is still putting in a nine-hour day, five days a week, with a half-day on Saturday, supervising the work which began at Canterbury nearly eight hundred years ago.

Sam lives just outside Canterbury, but the cathedral is his home. "Got relations of mine in here," he says. "In the vaults. My great-uncle built that," pointing to the great north-west tower. "Made a great mistake. Pulled down the old Norman tower to do it."

It was the great-uncle, an architect, who founded the firm in 1820. His son, partnered by Sam's father, carried on the business; and Sam succeeded them. But there is nobody to follow Sam. He has no children. He was bought out by the Dean and Chapter eighteen months ago and now works for them.

Sam knows the stories of all the windows in the cathedral, even of those which are no longer there: the ones pushed out by the pikes of Cromwell's iconoclasts, the others thrown away by nineteenth-century vandals.

The window on this week's cover is in the south transept of the nave, fifteenth-century work on top, early thirteenth century at the bottom. Sam's favourites are in the north aisle, the series commemorating the martyrdom of Archbishop Becket and the miracles attributed to him.

"That's William, a carpenter. You can see him chopping the wood. And there he is cutting his arm. And there are the people going for help. And there he is at the tomb of St. Thomas. And there is his wife unwrapping the bandage and the arm is healed."

Undimmed Colours

These are local stories, and Sam is a local man. The passage of six or seven hundred years has not dimmed their reality for him any more than it seems to have dimmed the rich colours of the glass. Indeed, there is a certain rich blue in the glass of the fourteenth century which nobody has the secret of reproducing today.

"Up there is where Adam began," Sam says, pointing to the blank sheets of glass in the clerestory, seventy or eighty feet overhead. "The genealogical tree, from Adam to Jesus, ran right round the cathedral. That's what we're working on now."

On the other side of the room, one of Sam's assistants is designing new windows. Another is painting the detail on to the glass. The colours are marked on the design, the pink flesh and the ruby nimbus, and the coloured pieces of glass are cut to fit the pattern. Then the folds and features are painted on top.

When Sam started work (the workshop was then in the Bishop's Palace) he had to grind his own colours: melt pieces of glass and throw them into water to shatter into tiny fragments, pound them with pestle and mortar, strain through muslin, add manganese and oxide of iron, and stir them all together before he could blend them with gum water and paint the mixture on to the glass. Now the ingredients come ready mixed, to be applied to glass which is already stained.

Can't Get It Off

When the detail has been painted on, the glass is fired in the kiln on the ground floor, and the detail fuses into the background so firmly that you may scratch it with a chisel and still not get it off. Then the pieces of glass are fitted into a lead frame, and the frame set up in the window with cement.

The mechanics have changed a little—ready-made paint instead of hand-ground, cement instead of iron wedges—but the craft is the same in broad outline as it was when Canterbury had its first stained glass installed in 1180, ten years after Becket's death.

It is a craft whose development is traced not in years but in centuries. Which is possibly why Sam, at eighty-six, still feels fit for a nine-hour day and a five-and-a-half-day week.

WHO'S THIS MAN?

He'll be bringing the children some friends —and he's a man with a lot of bright ideas

More news of him in John Bull next week

EASTER PARADE

by JOHN MAY

Plan roughly where you'll go, pack your rucksack (not forgetting some spare socks)—and start stepping out. Beautiful Britain is all yours

SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE the daffodils come out in sunny suburban gardens, the maps come out of an evening in a certain house in Gateley Road, Brixton. It's one of the earliest signs of spring when Jo Cunningham begins poring over them on the front room table.

She's dreaming up her annual walking holiday. Prospecting is probably a better word for it. She plans no detailed route, makes no rigid timetable of distances and stopping places. The holiday is a random search for sun, scenery, fresh air and adventure. The map merely suggests a starting point.

She prefers somewhere with hills, for the fun of trudging up them, for the beauty of the view from the top, and for the exhilaration of striding fast down the other side. Last year it was a fortnight in Cornwall. Before that, Scotland for two summers in succession—the kind of tramping pilgrimage which anyone with two sound legs can afford and thoroughly enjoy.

The Cunningham plan for this year . . . but let's start at the beginning.

Josephine and the girls next door first broke away from Brixton's bricks and mortar when they were fourteen. They went camping (with a parent) and took to it like fish to a river. Today Miss J. Cunningham is a civil servant in the Savings Bank at Kensington. The wind on the heath at weekends blows away the cares of Post Office pen-pushing. She gets regular doses of it through a rambling club.

This is attached to London's Morley College, in the Westminster Bridge Road, where she and hundreds of young men and women attend evening classes. There are equal numbers of men and women among the 140 Morley Ramblers; the youngest eighteen, and one of the sprightliest a stalwart of sixty-three.

Never Admit You're Lost

Sundays there's always a ramble. The first this year started from Epsom town on January 4, led by Wally Joyce. Jo led the next herself from Chipstead in Surrey. A properly qualified leader picks out the best country, finds pleasant footpaths, and doesn't walk on many roads. He (or she) takes no undue risks such as he might if walking alone or with only one or two companions. He reads a map well, knows when and where to rest his party, and has the personality to whip 'em along when necessary.

"He never lets you know if he's lost," adds Jo. "Just finds himself again. And he always hits on *a good tea place!*"

The walkers' best friends are the Youth Hostels, of which there are more than 250 in England and Wales, with more in Scotland, Northern Ireland and Eire. Morley Ramblers make an overnight stay at one of these hostels every five weeks or so.

When I caught up with the Morley party on one of their weekend jaunts, Sunday breakfast had just been stowed away. With his flannel trousers tucked into the tops of his socks, Fred Whitmore, the leader, took his party tramping on for another dozen miles. Midday snack by the roadside, tea at Wheathampstead, then coach back to London completed a good weekend. The price of supper, bed and breakfast at the hostel was 4s. 6d. each. Fares apart, the whole Hertfordshire outing cost the Morley gang only about 7s. 6d. apiece.

The greatest drain on ramblers' pockets today is, in fact, the price of a rail or bus journey to give the expedition a flying start. Club members hanker for the return of the old "Ramblers' Special" trains.

This Easter, Morley Ramblers intend to spend four days on a fifty-mile exploration of the beautiful Wye Valley district. This means booking ahead. There are more than 180,000 in the Youth Hostels Association. Many of the members belong to rambling clubs which link through district federations with the Rambling Association. But there are many others besides the rambling club members who use the hostels. Throughout the normal holiday period, hostels in the Lakes, North Wales, the Peak District and parts of Devon and Cornwall are packed out.

Expeditionary Fortnight

For a long holiday of two or three weeks, wise walkers pick less frequented parts of the country. The Y.H.A. recommends as "rarely full except at weekends" the hostels on Yorkshire's coast, moors and dales, those in the Chiltern Hills, Surrey, Sussex and Kent, in the "Welsh Marches" (Shropshire and Herefordshire), and in the districts of the Roman Wall and the Cheviots. Easiest of all are the hostels of East Anglia and Southern Wales.

Two years ago, when Jo Cunningham and Mabel Brown invaded Scotland for a fortnight, they went up to Carlisle by rail with not one night's lodging booked. They like the fun of finding bed-and-breakfast as they go. Jo crossed the Border in men's army boots fortified with iron studs. For real walking she never wears shoes. They rub more than boots, collect small stones inside, and she remembers being caught by darkness through waiting for a girl who continually had her shoes sucked off by the boggy moorland they were crossing.

She wears two pairs of socks (and carries five spare pairs); shorts for walking, and a light skirt "for best wear in the evenings"; men's shirts

"Where next? A place where we can have tea." That's one of many tactical problems facing ramble leaders like Josephine Cunningham, who heads Morley College weekend group across a village green

because the tails tuck down and blouses don't; a gabardine jacket, woollies for cold days, a sou'wester hat and a gas cape for wet weather.

"Not pretty, but much more protection than those little triangles of oilskin tied round your head," she says. "The gas cape fits over your rucksack, too. Lots of Government 'disposal' things are just right for walking."

A large rucksack half-empty is more comfortable than a small one over-full. Best of all are the frame kind. The load is carried more comfortably, part of the weight being taken by the hips. The back remains cool and dry in hot weather, and there is no need to worry that quick packing will make things press uncomfortably into your back.

Jo Cunningham is a tall girl. She stands one inch short of six feet, but she says that a thirty-pound pack is the limit for enjoyment. Everything carried needs to be as compact and light as possible. Necessities include a sheet sleeping bag, pair of slippers, change of clothes, towel, toothbrush, a tin for midday sandwiches, a vacuum flask to carry a hot drink, and emergency ration cards.

Some essentials can be shared—the camera, the toothpaste, the first-aid outfit, maps and pocket compass. All-weather walkers favour a transparent plastic cover on a shoulder strap for maps, so that they can be consulted without damage in rain. Handiest is the one inch to the mile Ordnance Survey.

The Time to Call on Farmers

Mabel and Jo walked the sheephills from Langholme northwards and westwards up the Tweed to St. Mary's Loch. They spoke to shepherds and crofters. "I've never seen so many sheep in my life," says Jo. They found that there were eggs and milk aplenty, especially if they arrived at farms about milking time.

Once they hurried towards a stone cottage hoping to get a meal. The place was derelict, and they ate their emergency rations in the ruins. But the deserted garden was more hospitable, and provided rhubarb which they cooked at the next hostel that night.

At Hawick (pronounced "Hoyk"—you need a glossary with your map in some districts), they arrived on the day of the annual fair and the ancient ceremony of riding the boundaries. The town was packed to bursting point, but finally they were taken in as a great favour by the landlady of a lodging house for transport drivers. All-in with the modest price of their bed and breakfast, she told their fortunes.

They took a bus occasionally, but spent most of the time walking—and finished up right off their map. They visited Ferniehirst Castle, and rounded off the holiday with three nights in a hostel at Coldingham Bay, fascinated with the sea and the lovely little fishing village of St. Abb's Head. Finally, they hitch-hiked to Newcastle and took a train home.

The cost, including fares, was never more than £1 a day. "Actually, we did it for £12 each for a fortnight," says Jo. "And I wouldn't change to a boarding-house holiday again for a fortune!"

I've done a bit of walking myself, and I know that there's a comradeship in a walking holiday that nothing else can match. It is the townsman's only way to a full understanding and appreciation of the countryside and its richly varied life. Films, travel books, photographs are fine for the chair-borne countrygoer. Trains and motor cars whisk miles-long blurs of scenery past the traveller's tired eyes. But the best way to see the full beauty of your own country is with your walking boots on.

"York? I've been round the Minster," says Jo Cunningham. "I didn't know till I went there that Bath is built on hills. Those mining places? When you've seen them, you can understand why coalminers complain. The map of Britain means more to me now than just a map. . . ."

That's how it is done. The road is open to any wayfarer who wants to put meaning into his maps this summer.

Short Story by Day Russell

Gertie grasped the megaphone and let herself go. It was wonderful

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

No explaining love

GERTIE, LANDLADY and barmaid of the "Admiral Benbow," looked in the mirror behind the bar and touched here and there the red ringlets that clustered to make a magnificent head of hair.

She was not getting any younger, she thought, and a fishing village in peacetime was a quiet place for a girl who was nudging thirty years and eleven stone.

The local men were too young or already married. She was single not for want of being asked but rather because of an inherent distrust of seamen and a lack of respect for landlubbers.

But she thought, as she looked at herself and admired how well her weight was placed fore and aft, that she had to make up her mind.

The "Admiral Benbow" sat squat and solid at the top of the village street above the harbour, as though it had grown there for several centuries and was good for a few more. The inside was browned with polish and age. Faded prints of sailing ships decorated the dark-panelled walls; ships' lamps hung from the ceiling and there was plenty of gleaming brass.

All was trim and shipshape because Gertie was a martinet for cleanliness and stood for no nonsense from dirt or man. She had to be strict both with herself and her customers as a protection from her one weakness — a heart as soft as butter for lean, hard-jawed faces, particularly if they were under peaked sea caps and over double-breasted brass-buttoned jackets.

It was before opening time and Gertie had the place to herself as she took her duster to the top of the bar more from habit than necessity. Through the broad bay windows the sun slanted across oak settees and tables dark with time and service.

She heard someone whistling "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," and then the door opened.

FOR a moment the girl who stood on the threshold was a shadow figure outlined by the sunshine behind her, and then, as she closed the door, she became a pleasant-looking young woman with dark hair and a trim, slim figure.

She had a water-colour satchel slung over one shoulder and a large portfolio under one arm. Her eyes —against her milky complexion and dark hair—were a strikingly clear blue.

"Hullo, Gertie. I had your S O S."

Gertie frowned slightly, partly because Susan's slim figure was Gertie's long-lost ideal, and partly because she was slightly embarrassed by the reason for the visit.

"It wasn't in any manner of speaking what you might call an S O S," replied Gertie, smiting some imaginary dust. "It was what you might call an idea for the carrying out of which, seeing as it is in your line, I might be willing to pay."

"Whatever it is," said Susan, dumping her satchel and portfolio, "it is yours for the price of a cup of tea—I had an early breakfast this morning. And what is the idea that's burning you?"

"Sit down there in the window and I'll bring the pot out."

A minute or so later Susan was noting the way the sun through the window caught the red ringlets that enveloped Gertie's head. They were unique and striking, but their care and upkeep undoubtedly involved time and patience.

"How's the studio?" asked Gertie.

"Lovely," replied Susan. She had converted a net loft down on the quay into a studio and was anticipating a clientele from the summer visitors.

"Not feeling lonely?" asked Gertie, avoiding the subject she wanted to speak about.

She held her cup daintily with

her plump little finger pushed out primly aloof from the others.

"No," said Susan. "What about this idea of yours?"

"Well, it's like this," began Gertie. "You see all these pictures of ships on the walls. They want some new blood among them and I thought . . . well, I happen to know the *Susie Q* is putting in today."

"Ha!" said Susan. "You want me to paint a ship?"

"In a manner of speaking." Gertie was being faintly evasive and Susan perceived there was more in her answer than met the question.

"What is the *Susie Q*?" she asked.

"She's a coaster. Picks up pottery clay in Cornwall and ships it round to London for the barges to take up the canals to the potteries. It's a regular trip and every week she puts in 'ere."

"For supplies?"

"Not really," said Gertie. "He'd get those cheaper elsewhere. As a matter of fact he puts in to come up here for a glass of beer."

"Who is *he*?" asked Susan, surprised that anyone could take the sea so casually.

"The owner and skipper, Nicky Hardy. It's a bit of a story. He's one of the new kind. The old kind—plenty of 'em put in 'ere and many's the proposal I've had from them in spite of the wives they had in other ports—used to wear bowler hats at sea and on shore, and ran to fat. And their language! You never 'eard such expressions!"

"And this Captain Hardy is different?"

"Yes," said Gertie, and Susan could have sworn there was a sigh in her voice. "He's one of the new kind. He was stationed here during the war when he had command of one of those motor torpedo boats. You might say he almost lived in this bar when he was off duty. Afterwards he couldn't settle down, so one day he turns up here, large as life and twice as brash, and blow me if he isn't a skipper. He'd bought one of these war-surplus drifters and converted it into a coaster for carrying this clay with a contract from his brother in the pottery business, and he says he's never been so happy in his life.

"Nice life," said Susan.

"Well, it is for them as likes it. You get some nasty storms around this coast but he says that's what keeps him in shape, that and having no room for married quarters aboard. Another cup of tea?"

"Thank you," said Susan. "So he's a woman hater?"

GERTIE blushed, much to Susan's surprise. "He pretends he is. But I've seen 'em, all kinds of them, and there comes a time when they gets a kind of look in the eye—but there I go counting my chickens before they're hatched."

"Good for you, Gertie," said Susan.

"Well, it's a bit soon. He hasn't actually spoken yet, but if you see what I see why would he put in here every time his ship comes up or down the Channel if something wasn't pulling him? Now," said Gertie, putting sentiment away for the practical things, "I want to let him know as how I've seen enough to know the way of his thinking, so I thought if you could paint the *Susie Q* when it comes in, and if I hung it up here on the walls, he might get the idea that what's his is mine and what's mine, meaning the 'Admiral Benbow' and all that goes with it, seeing as it was left to me by the late departed Mr. Higgins, is his for the asking."

"Sounds sensible," agreed Susan. "A nod is as good as a wink, etc."

"Quite," said Gertie. "Although I wouldn't say as he's a blind horse. Far from it. When he was round here in the

Continued on page 14

Readers' Postscripts on

ULTIMATUM

Just imagine our worst fears were realized and a deadly new weapon threatened to blot out London in four hours. In the* JOHN BULL *Story Special, "Ultimatum," Alan Jenkins gave his version, in fiction form, of how various characters—a bus-driver, a youth and a girl, a doctor and others—would behave. "Ultimatum" has aroused wide interest among readers. Here is a selection of their views.

FANTASTIC NONSENSE. Give us something else to think about besides atomic warfare. We have heard too much of it already.—*J. McConville, 14 Plummer Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

A MASTERPIECE. It should warn everyone who reads it of the ever-threatening danger of World War III.—*Thomas H. Bill, 24 Carlton Avenue, Wednesfield,*

THROUGH SHEER lack of insight this hysteria-ridden adolescent effort is a slur on the noble memory of H. G. Wells. —*W. P. Turner, 178 Liberton Street, Riddrie, Glasgow, E.1.*

UNSURPASSED EVEN by Wells. Unless the sane people of the world realize their danger *now* and drive the warmongers into obscurity we may come to this grim eventuality. We have been warned—let us take heed.—*J. R. Smith, 82 Avondale Road, Darwen, Lancs.*

SPREADING ALARM and despondency was an offence in wartime and is just as reprehensible now while we are striving for peace. Warn the nations by all means but don't give people the jitters. —*Mrs. E. Waller, Malthouse Farm, Hazelbury Bryon, Dorset.*

THE WARNING of "Ultimatum" strikes with more impact than the dreary though ominous declarations of parliamentarians. Alan Jenkins shows clearly the part writers must play in the struggle for world peace.—*G. Witchell, 40 Warwick Street, Glasgow, C.5.*

VIVID BUT CHILDISH. Even atom bombs have their limits and it is this awareness of the limits of all weapons that tends to make people leave it to chance rather than panic as the writer foresees.—*H. F. Acton, 1 Ward Road, Southsea, Portsmouth.*

IT SHOCKED ME into a sudden realization of what might happen. I am a teen-ager, but after reading it I was no longer a giggling schoolgirl but a greatly moved, serious-thinking young Briton. —*Miss L. Evans, near Neath.* (*Full address enclosed.*)

FANTASTIC. People *don't* panic or act selfishly when they have a few hours to live. We have already seen how they react when they have only minutes to live. The imminence of death brings out the finest, not the worst, in people. —*Miss I. L., Liverpool.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

I HAVE NEVER read a more revolting story. Alan Jenkins does not know England or appreciate its people. British people do not panic in that way. I have cancelled my subscription.—*Lady Selina M. Bell, 6 Fairacres, Roehampton Lane, London, S.W.15.*

TERRIBLE THINGS happened in the last world war. Weapons were used for which the ordinary people were not prepared, but on the whole they took it calmly. Should another war come, the majority of us would still try to conduct ourselves sensibly. I would try to do so for my young son's sake. —*Mrs. E. Payne, 18 Russell Road, Palmers Green, London, N.13.*

THOUSANDS FACED certain death during the last war with calmness and dignity. Every day hundreds learn they will die of incurable diseases within a certain period. But do these poor unfortunates go berserk? The truest note in the whole story was: "First they knelt in the streets and prayed."—*James R. Hughes, 12 Basing Street, Liverpool, 19.*

IN PAST WARS and crises the nation turned to God. Not one of Alan Jenkins's characters wandered into church and awaited the end quietly kneeling as seven out of ten of us would. To imagine the whole of London as a fear-maddened, panic-stricken crowd is taxing our imagination too far.—*Mrs. M. Fowler, 169 Woodborough Road, Nottingham.*

EVEN WHEN DEATH is round the corner a man will have little appetite for sex. The prettiest blonde in creation would have no attraction for any man, young or old, when faced with certainty of death in a few hours. That's the first emotion to go west, believe me.—*R. F. Coates, 114 Brightwell Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.*

P.P.S. by ALAN JENKINS

. . . seen reading "Ultimatum" mail

It may be true that, faced with certain death, most of us would go into church and pray. But my story, "Ultimatum," described the reactions of particular individuals.

Again, "most of us" imagine the end of civilization as a Wagnerian tragedy. But it mightn't be. Might not the end be pathetic, even in some respects trivial? "This is the way the world ends," wrote T. S. Eliot; "not with a bang but a whimper."

We like to imagine everybody behaving with dignity and nobility in a supreme crisis. Particularly do we like to imagine the British being very British. But none of us has the right to say "so-and-so would behave thus"; we can only say "so-and-so might behave thus." And, frankly, I think that my guess is as good as anybody's.

AFTER READING the story I conducted a survey to discover what people would do faced with certain death. One said he would commit suicide, three wanted to be with their families, one would pray and four would act like the youth in the story. So they *thought*. In fact, everyone would probably be temporarily paralysed with fear.—*John C. Head, 39 Marrin's Road, Hanham, Bristol.*

IT MADE US ALL SIT UP and think what we should do if the final crisis was to occur in our lifetime. . . . We all agreed on one thing: we should like to be side by side in the end.—*H. Smeaton, 42 Fourth Avenue, Blyth, Northumberland.*

IT GIVES AMPLE warning of what might occur if we, the ordinary people, don't take a far greater interest in world affairs and ensure that the terrible war we have just experienced is not a prelude to the ultimate war to end civilization.—*Ronald Spencer, 92 West Drayton Road, Hillingdon, Middlesex.*

IF IT WAS MEANT to curdle our blood we have had enough of that already. We the ordinary people can do nothing. The Great Powers, instead of being terrified at the prospect, are already lining up for another war. The people who do the fighting and dying are absolutely impotent.—*A. Tanaman, 14 St. Peter's Close, Eastcote, Ruislip, Middlesex.*

THE BESETTING SIN is complacency. War, which we fondly hoped had been eliminated for ever, is again a possibility —but so, thank God, is peace. It is up to us to make it a certainty.—*Samuel Arthur, Marchwood Road, Millbrook, Hants.*

THE WARNING HAS been well taken. But the fact remains that there is nothing that we as people can do. Our lives in time of stress and conflict are forfeit to the nation. Can anyone tell us what must be our outlook and what we can do to prevent for all time the threat of war?—*Mrs. N. K. Hatch, Leigh, Sherborne, Dorset.*

IT IS DRAWING people's attention to the added horrors of a possible new war that will move them to act against it. Such stories help. Congratulations. —*M. E. Godding, 80 Eccles Road, London, S.W.11.*

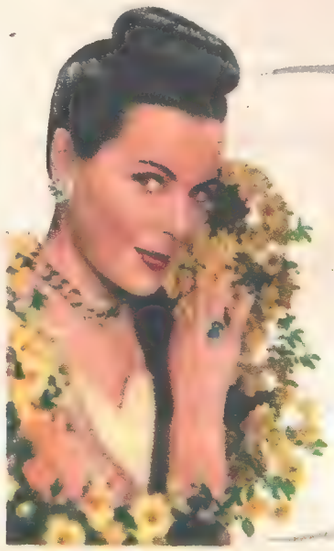
I AM PREPARED to heed "Ultimatum's" warning. But what can the average person do to prevent war? I am prepared to spend time, energy and part of my income in working for peace. My friends feel the same. But "Nothing we can do about it," they say. Well, is there?—*C. MacDennett, Houseboat 491, Langstone Harbour, nr. Eastern Road, Portsmouth.*

Sally Gray AGREES

"No other shampoo leaves your hair so glamorous yet so easy to manage"

ENCHANTING Golden-haired Sally Gray is one of the most vivid of a dazzling galaxy of present-day British film stars. How attractive she always looks — how beautifully turned out — how glamorous. "I owe so much to my hair," she says, "and my hair owes so much to Drene Shampoo, because Drene brings out all the natural highlights!" How right she is! Drene leaves no dulling lime deposit to cloud the brightness of your hair. That's why, after your first Drene Shampoo, you'll find your hair looking lovelier than ever before. What's more, Drene is absolutely safe and cannot harm the hair or scalp. And remember, Drene is most economical — goes twice as far. Buy a larger size and save money.

STYLISH Blonde or brunette, film-star or model — they all have the same recipe for glamour. "I use Drene Shampoo," says this stylish model, "because it leaves my hair with such a glamorous sparkle." Drene will make your hair *look* and *feel* cleaner, too.



CHIC

This cover-girl with the chic look — and the chic hair-do — follows the lead of the film-stars. "Oh yes, I always use Drene Shampoo," she says, "because Drene leaves my hair so easy to manage." After *your* first shampoo with Drene you'll say the same thing.

Drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

Continued from page 12

war he was quite a lad with the ladies but there's nothing like a bit of peace to settle the wild ones."

Susan glanced through the small-paned bay window. The morning outside was breathlessly lovely, bathed in the late spring warmth, and full of sunshine.

"When is the *Susie Q* coming in?"

"Listen," said Gertie suddenly. "Hear that foghorn? That's him. Toot-too-too-too-toot . . . toot-toot! Always the same. Just to let me know he's coming up the hill in half an hour."

Susan rose to take her leave.

"Keep it secret," sighed Gertie. "I want it to be a surprise."

The *Susie Q* steamed into the little harbour, a squat, seaworthy vessel. Insignificant in any ordinary port, in that small harbour intended only for fishing vessels the *Susie Q* had the arrogance of a liner.

Susan sat on the sea-arm of the harbour and studied her subject. Against the background of the village climbing up the hill behind the harbour it was a picture for a large canvas, not for one of Gertie's faded prints.

She saw Nicky Hardy leaning over the bridge and he gave her a shock. She had expected some solid counterpart to Gertie but this man was a world away from Gertie's type. He was in his late twenties, she estimated. He had a lean, hollow-cheeked face over a tall, broad-shouldered spareness.

She watched him leave the bridge to go ashore. A white muffler was around his neck and the top buttons of his ex-naval jacket were undone. His trousers were tucked into half-wellingtons and he gave an impression of carefree competence.

Susan made a few sketches. The whole picture was suddenly clear in her mind. Knowing how quickly the light could change and how short a time the *Susie Q* would be in harbour, she almost ran to her studio to get her materials.

When she came back Captain Hardy and four of his crew, leaving only one behind on watch, had gone up the hill to the "Admiral Benbow."

SUSAN worked with an absorbed energy. Forgetting lunch, in two hours she had roughed in a large water-colour with such a sure feeling for the colour, the atmosphere and the spirit of the scene that she knew she would have to leave it as it was. If she worked over it later in the studio she might lose the essence of it. She worked quickly on the detail before the light changed too much.

So absorbed was she that she almost jumped when a voice startled her.

"By jiminy, that's good!"

She looked up and around and then blushed absurdly because it was Captain Hardy and there was a frankly admiring stare in his eyes that changed as she looked at him to a half-smiling appraisal of herself. There was a sudden emptiness inside her, a queer feeling as though her limbs would not obey her if she jumped up. She was furiously angry with herself for being such a fool, as big a fool as Gertie, who was old enough to know better.

"I'll buy it," he said.

"It's not for sale," she replied, briskly packing her paints and gathering up her stool and easel. He said nothing but watched her with a half-smile, aware of her embarrassment.

She disentangled herself from the encounter and walked down the quay to her studio aware of his eyes upon her as she walked, and feeling a fool. She had no intention of letting Gertie down.

Back in her studio she mounted her water-colour. It would look well in a modern apartment, but among Gertie's meticulously finished prints of sailing vessels it would seem shallow. But she wanted no more of it. The picture in her own mind had Captain Hardy leaning over the bridge rail, lean, rakish and arrogant, and she couldn't stand it.

She turned the picture to the wall and then, later in the afternoon, just before opening time, she took it up to the "Admiral Benbow." Gertie was delighted because, as she said, a stitch in time saves nine, there was nothing like striking while the iron was hot, and a ship in port was worth two at sea.

She removed an old print from the place of honour over the fireplace and hung Susan's sketch. With a model sailing ship just below it didn't look so bad at all, and Gertie wiped her hands on her apron.

"That's the cheese all set in the trap, as you might say. I 'adn't really expected it up until the next trip but, as the saying is, the sooner the better, and 'e can't speak 'is mind too soon for me. He was up here this morning and while I don't trust a man as speaks too quickly I must say 'e said enough to turn any girl's 'ead."

As garrulous as a young girl, Gertie was at the same time as nervous as a kitten.

"Well," said Susan, standing near the window. "It's opening time, and I'll be running."

"You must stay and have a sherry with me, just to celebrate."

Susan looked through the bay window down the street. She caught her breath. "Oh, here he comes now."

"Alone?" asked Gertie.

"Yes." Susan hesitated. She didn't want to meet him. Neither did Gertie want to spoil the opportunity.

"Here," she said. "Slip into my parlour behind the bar and keep quiet. He won't know you're there, and there's nothing like 'aving a witness just in case of breach of promise. I lost a case like that some years back all through not 'aving enough evidence. You can never tell."

She hustled Susan behind the bar. "No, don't shut the door. Just a crack, so you can 'ear."

Susan heard everything. She heard the door open, she heard the clear, easy footsteps, she heard the assured laugh. "Hullo, Gertie. I came up early. I've got a problem."

"Oh," replied Gertie noncommittally. "Yes. A pint of bitter, please."

"That's not much of a problem," replied Gertie.

"Remember Jimmy McGuire? Skippered the *Lady Meg*, officially Motor Torpedo Boat N247. Happily married, just had his second, a girl. Remember Spud Gray? Had the *Naughty Sal*, the N266. Happily married, just had his first boy. Remember Pinky Sanders, Johnny Carter, Bill Hope? All married!" There was a pause while the pint of bitter lubricated his thoughts. "And look at me. Do I look happy?"

"Well," said Gertie, her voice cautious with restrained emotion. "I can't say as how you look what I might call downcast."

"Exactly . . . a negative state. Gertie, do you remember who kept those lads on the straight and narrow? Who was it put the good word in the right ear? In other words, and to keep it short, who piloted those ships into the happy harbour of matrimony? It was you, my dear Gertie, my beloved Gertie."

Susan could almost feel Gertie's heart thumping.

"Of all those stout hearts," continued Nicky, "that used to clutter this bar with their secrets and their troubles, mine is the only one that steers a rudderless course." The flippancy went from his voice for a moment. "You appreciate my position, don't you, Gertie?"

Susan could detect the note of coyness in Gertie's reply. "Well, in a manner of speaking I do." Then she played her trump card. "You haven't noticed my new picture."

Nicky laughed. "Saw it the moment I came in. She wouldn't sell it to me. She, no doubt, has a great affection for you."

"Well," said Gertie. "I hope as she isn't the only one."

"She isn't, Gertie. She isn't. I myself have an affection for you that isn't easy to put into words. Do me a favour, Gertie. Sell me that picture."

There was a moment that seemed an hour to Susan. Then Gertie spoke. "Sell it to you? You can have it for the asking."

Nicky missed the point that the picture went with the "Admiral Benbow" and Gertie if the right questions were asked. But it wasn't quite the right question that came.

"You believe in love, don't you, Gertie?"

"I do," said Gertie, as if she were rehearsing for the marriage ceremony.

"Well, the fact is, I want you to help me. When I saw that girl painting that picture I felt something go click inside me. This is it, I thought! Fate!"

There was a dreadful silence as the implication of his words hit Gertie where she was weakest. The tumbled confusion of Susan's emotions suddenly clarified. "No, no!" she cried as she pulled open the door. She saw her mistake immediately. Nicky stared at her, unbelieving, and Gertie stared at her in a kind of dumb misery.

Then quickly Captain Hardy's mouth clamped to a hard line and his eyes seemed to chill. "Well, ladies, it appears I've made a fool of myself. Goodbye. I'm sailing now and won't bother you again."

Nicky Hardy laughed at them both and strode out into the evening.

"Oh!" said Gertie weakly. She sat down on the stool she kept behind the counter.

"I've spoiled it for you," wailed Susan. "It's that damned picture."

But Gertie sat silent with her hands crossed on her lap.

"I didn't mean it, Gertie," cried Susan. "I don't want it. Please, Gertie, believe me."

GERTIE stared at her hands. "I know you didn't mean it. You were telling me only yesterday you didn't want to get married for another five years yet, but that don't make any difference. If it hits you, it hits you. I know that. And I can see without looking at you that you've been hit as well as 'im." She took her little lace handkerchief from her bosom and wiped her eyes.

Then she pulled herself together. "Well, this won't buy the baby a pair of socks. There'll be customers coming in."

But there was a strange absence of customers and Gertie did what she only did under the greatest stress, she took a small brandy to steady her nerves. She took another to steady her emotions and tried to persuade Susan to do the same. Susan refused so Gertie took another because it was something she had never done before.

But this was a situation she had never faced before. The third one puzzled her because although it came from the same bottle it seemed to have a tonic effect that she had not been aware of in the first two, so she tried a fourth to see if her senses were not deceiving her. They were not.

She turned to Susan who leaned pale, shaken and pensive on the bar. "There's something wrong down there. It's too quiet. I'm going to shut up and go down to the harbour to see what it is."

The fighting strain in her blood was emergent as she wrapped a scarf to protect her red ringlets from the sea air and took Susan by the hand.

"Men!" she exclaimed angrily. "They're nothing but a lot of spoiled boys. All the same . . . every one of them! Upset their little pride and they sulk like a lot of kids. I wouldn't 'ave one around my place not if you gave me the Bank of England thrown in with 'im."

She was talking half to herself, half to Susan, as they hurried down the steep street of the village. An old fisherman joined them.

"What's wrong?" asked Susan.

"He's gone and done it," he replied.

"Who?" asked Susan, well knowing who it was.

"Captain Hardy. Tried to get out at low tide. He only forgot one thing."

"What was that?"

"They had a dredger here during the war so the motor torpedo boats could get out any time. But the channel's silted up and a boat with 'er draught can't get out before half-tide."

"Serves him ruddy well right," said Gertie. "Come on, Susan."

When almost down to the quay, they could see the *Susie Q* stuck fast in the harbour channel. All the small boats in the harbour clustered about her pointlessly and all the village folk not on the water stared at her from the quay. The early evening was calm and still and the slanting sun etched the *Susie Q* with squat dignity and her captain with a light as red as his mute fury.

Gertie sucked her breath in with a sharp satisfaction. Still drawing Susan by the hand she marched around to the end of the sea wall of the harbour. There she stood, a figurehead of a woman staring at the sturdy vessel. She swayed

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Island Story

THE SMALL WOMAN sidled up from the back of the queue and nipped on to the bus in front of the lady in blue. The lady in blue moved quickly forward, grasped the little woman round the waist, swung her deftly off the bus and boarded it herself. As I followed her the conductor called, "That's all now."

We were bowling down the road before the little woman left on the pavement had recovered from her astonishment.

The lady in blue smiled at me. "Far too much time is wasted these days in arguing," she said.—*Miss Joyce I. Corlett, 81 Kensington Gardens Square, Bayswater, London, W.2.*

★

WHILE SHOPPING one day my wife saw several donkeys being driven into a butcher's yard at the back of the shop for stabling.

As she stood watching, an old woman came and stood beside her, remarking after a while with perplexity: "Now I wonder what they'll call that, mutton or beef."—*M. Johnson, 80 Northfield End, Henley-on-Thames.*

★

LAST WEEK we had an extra allocation of shell eggs, so I used them instead of dried egg for making scrambled egg for tea.

My five-year-old son watched interestedly. After tea I asked him if he had enjoyed the meal. "Well, yes," he replied, hesitantly. "But I wanted *real* scrambled eggs, not boiled eggs scrambled."—*Mrs. E. Ware, 17 Fullwell Park Avenue, Twickenham, Middlesex.*

One guinea will be paid for readers' *personal* experiences reflecting different aspects of life in Britain today. All entries should be marked "Island Story."

slightly on her feet as the brandy inside her mixed with the sea air and she snatched a megaphone from the hands of a fisherman nearby. She lifted it to her mouth.

"Ahoy there, *Susie Q*."

They saw Nicky turn and lift his megaphone. "Get back to your pub and mind your own dam' business," he shouted.

Gertie flushed and let herself go. From hitherto unplumbed depths of her memory came all the colourful expletives bandied in the past among the tides of seafaring men who had washed up at the bar of the "Admiral Benbow." The two extra nips of brandy had exposed Gertie's battered heart, loosened her inhibitions, moved her to noble self-sacrifice and flushed her with inspiration.

She raised the megaphone and from it, short of blasphemy yet ripe and full of fruitiness as plum duff, she poured invective at the skipper of the *Susie Q*.

She devoluted his ancestry with salty simile; she profaned his affinity for the slimier parasites that plagued the things that crawled in the ooze of freshwater mudflats and she proclaimed him unfit for association with even the lowest salt-water vertebrates.

Then she paused for breath and an awed silence was upon the evening. The crew of the *Susie Q* lined the rail and her captain leaned, avid with admiration, on the bridge; the fishermen took off their caps in respect and the fishwives listened and learned.

Gertie swallowed a lump. For a moment her own broken hopes were choking her but then her self-immolation for Susan's sake stirred her again. At that moment the crew of the *Susie Q* gave a cheer and over the water came a shout: "Good old Gertie!'

THAT whipped her to action and she alined her megaphone and scourged Captain Hardy anew. She ended in a flurry of fluency, calling him a craven with water where his guts should be and yelling that she'd had a hundred boys like him through the bar of the "Admiral Benbow" but not one of them had ever run away from man or maid and, come love or loggerheads, like or dislike, not one of them had been afraid to speak his mind.

Breathless she paused, purged and ennobled. She had done all she could. Then from the *Susie Q*'s bridge there came a megaphoned gust of laughter.

"Ahoy there, Gertie! I love you. You're the finest woman this side of heaven! Ask Susan if she'll marry me!"

The fisherfolk around the harbour gaped with delight. This was the sort of excitement that had livened village life when the motor torpedo boats were there.

"No, no," cried Susan, but Gertie overwhelmed her voice with a megaphoned bellow that echoed from the cliffs, "Yes, she will!"

Susan made a grab for the megaphone but Gertie threw it into the harbour.

"There!" said Gertie. "That's fixed 'im good and proper!"

Susan stood immobile, not knowing how the evening sunlight limned her in light; she felt like a ball that had been taken and batted between two violent players. She was numb. She wanted to be angry but had no heart for the part.

"Yes," said Gertie. "Let 'im try to get away with a breach of promise case with all these witnesses." Her lace handkerchief went into sudden action again.

Susan was filled with a quick compassion. "Oh, Gertie, I didn't mean to. . . ."

"I know you didn't. But if it 'its you, it 'its you, and that's that. There ain't no explainin' love."

Nicky was calling from the *Susie Q* with the megaphone to his mouth.

"Let im shout," said Gertie. "We'll go up, 'ave a nice cry and a cup of tea, and then we'll both feel better."

FREE SPEECH

★ **Children Aren't Welcome At The Seaside**

★ **Who Has The Oldest Link With The Past?**

★ **Too Much Depression About For Springtime**

I HAVE BEEN TRYING to rent a seaside bungalow to take my children away for a holiday they badly need. But though many are available, practically all the owners stipulate "no children or dogs."

Boarding houses, too, are making the same qualifications. Are children plague spots in the modern world? What are we to do about giving them a holiday when faced with such obstruction?—MRS. M. BARLEX, 114 College Hill Road, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

Grandma Remembered Waterloo

WHEN I WAS A BOY of fourteen my grandmother, then about ninety years old, told me that she remembered seeing French prisoners from the Battle of Waterloo passing through the streets of her native village in Fife on their way to internment in Perthshire.

I am now nearing the age of seventy-eight. It would be interesting to know what is the longest living tie that thus links the present with the past.—JOHN BALFOUR, 391 St. John Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

Propaganda?

DURING THE WAR, music-hall artists were bringing the house down with their impressions of Churchill and Stalin. Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund was very popular.

Today it seems that no words can be found harsh enough to describe the horrible Russians. Is this what is known as propaganda?—ALEX FERGUSON, 33 St. Ives Road, Wyken, Coventry.

Soccer Went West

GEOFFREY BOCCA, in his interesting article, "Soccer Goes West" (JOHN BULL, March 6), states that the game was "unheard of" in Texas before the visit of the Liverpool team.

In fact, soccer was played in Texas in 1917, when several squadrons of the old British Royal Flying Corps were in training at airfields around Dallas and Fort Worth. Matches between squadrons drew large crowds, and thousands of Texans were given their first introduction to the game. A photograph [*this page*] shows the champion R.F.C. team in Texas thirty-one years ago.—ARTHUR SHAW (ex-Corporal/Mechanic, R.F.C.), 19 Whittaker Street, Royton, Lancs.

Glasgow Girls Can Choose

THE MISSES O. AND G. SMITH, who complained that girls were not allowed to choose their own dancing partners (JOHN BULL, March 6) will be interested to know that in Glasgow they *are*.

For some time past a large dance hall here has reserved two nights a week as Ladies' Nights. Each girl entering the hall is given a small book of tickets, each bearing a number and the name of the dance.

The girl hands the ticket to any boy she chooses and he dances with her. At the end of the dance a number is called out and the winning couple are given a prize. It works very successfully.—MISS M. CAMPBELL, 119 Kintra Street, Glasgow, S.W.1.

A Pole Protests

A RECENT OFFICIAL statement showed that British taxpayers have contributed £129 millions to keep foreigners in this country. This "unjust burden," the report led one to understand, was largely due to the cost of the Polish Resettlement Corps.

As a member of this unfortunate fraternity I feel very injured. In 1940, I came to Britain as a very much wanted man—a pilot. I completed two operational tours as a bomber pilot and saw a good deal of other service as an instructor.

Now, with no home to go to and no more rights than any other displaced person, I am part of the "unjust burden" on the backs of the British taxpayers.—M. LEWICZ, 1 Langsett Road, North Oughtibridge, Sheffield.

Cheaper Cherries This Year?

KENT FRUIT GROWERS are complaining about Dutch cherries being imported here this summer. I'm glad to see it.

Despite the glut of cherries last year, home growers were charging 1s. 6d. per pound. Perhaps competition will make them lower these exorbitant prices.—MRS. V. POWDERHAM, 9 Porthkerry Road, Welling, Kent.

From a reader's personal scrapbook for 1917: R.F.C. team in Texas

"No evil can extinguish the beauty of life," says a reader. "There's still the sun, the spring and love"

Back to Nature

AS A HOUSEWIFE, I should like to reply to the shoe repairer who claimed that he was not allowed enough profit (JOHN BULL, December 6).

My eleven-year-old son's shoes cost 9s. 9d. to be soled and heeled—an excessive price. It looks as though we may soon be seeing barefoot children in our streets again.—MRS. N. W. GRAHAM, 68 Mackie Road, Filton, Bristol.

Enjoy What We've Got

THOUGH THE FUTURE looks grim for the world, why can't we shake off the paralysis of depression that seems to have settled on us?

There is a silver lining to the darkest cloud, and my firm conviction, despite the prophets of woe who keep up a perpetual croak, is that no evil can extinguish the beauty of life.

We have only one life, and there is still the sun, spring, love. Let's enjoy them all a little more.—MISS ELLEN MOOR, Hitchin, Herts.

Memo to P.M.G.

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE for post offices to place Savings Bank withdrawal forms at convenient points about the counters in the same way as inland money order and telegram forms?

Under the present system one has to join a queue to obtain a withdrawal form, and rejoin the queue after filling in the form. This causes muddle and wastes time.—RICHARD CONROY, 3 Stanley Place, Preston, Lancs.

One Definition of Democracy

MY DEFINITION of our democracy is: a state in which a poor man is free to do as anybody likes to tell him, and where justice is something poor men are always seeking and the others ever escaping.—WILLIAM RICHARD, 3 Alpha Street West, Salford, 6.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

AS I WAS SAYING . . . . by HERBERT HODGE

EIGHT TOO CROWDED HOURS

It amazes me that so many people really prefer having their meals at the same time as everybody else

IF THE FACTORY WORKERS of my acquaintance are typical of the majority, there must be a good many people eagerly looking forward to next week and the promised end of staggered working hours—for the summer months, at least.

I raised the question of staggered hours at a meeting of workers recently, and I couldn't find a single man or woman with a good word to say for it.

Man after man got up and said how monstrous it was that they should have to work different hours from their neighbours, and take their leisure at different times. "Anti-social" was their favourite word. The whole scheme was anti-social, they said, and therefore wrong.

Myself, I can't see it. It seems to me that in this overcrowded island, where we're so sadly short of equipment both in total production and business efficiency—I think it means getting the worst out of ourselves, too.

For instance, as a chap working on his own with a tendency to ignore the clock, I'm always being brought up short by the difficulty of getting in touch with people in offices when I want them—almost any office.

It's no use telephoning much before 10 a.m. because the person or persons you want may not have arrived. But it doesn't do to leave it until the period between ten forty-five and eleven fifteen in case they've popped out for their morning coffee. It's also unwise to telephone between twelve fifteen and three fifteen because they may be out for lunch at any time during that period. And it's unsafe to leave the call later than four forty-five because they may have gone to wash in readiness for going home.

Surely Someone Should Be "On"

I wouldn't dare to insinuate that any of these office chaps aren't on top of their jobs. It's possible—and even probable—that their work is so well organized that they accomplish twice as much in five hours as I do in ten.

But it does seem daft to me that any kind of office, attached to any kind of business, doesn't give some kind of continuous service for at least ten hours out of the twenty-four, six days a week—by arranging the hours of work so that there is always someone on duty during the whole period capable of dealing with any problems that may crop up.

And where, as in many cases, the office begins work later and finishes earlier than any other section of the firm—it strikes me as industrial suicide.

I expect I shall be getting a batch of angry letters from office-workers now, telling me I don't know what I'm talking about. I shall be grateful for them. If I'm wrong I hope they'll put me right.

This, of course, is only a small part of the whole problem of working hours. We've been agitating for a shorter working day all these years; and now most of us have got it. And it seems to me we ought to be willing, in return, to accept staggered hours if necessary—and to work our eight hours at any period during the twenty-four that best suits the particular job we're doing.

Stagger Amusements, Too

Of course, before any government could hope to make staggered hours a general thing, it would have to arrange for shops, cafés, pubs, cinemas, sports meetings and every form of recreation to be available at convenient times for all the workers.

But given that obviously commonsense step, can anyone tell me what *is* wrong with staggered working hours—apart from our obstinate prejudice against it?

I Can't Swing the Lead

But it's a long way from being carefree idleness. It's more like a seven-day wrestling match. The slightest slackening off and I'm down and out.

This freedom of mine makes me diffident about arguing with people who are not so free. But, for all that, I can't help feeling puzzled by the general hatred of staggered hours.

It amazes me that so many people really prefer starting work at the same time as everybody else, stopping for meals at the same time, going home at the same time, having their days off at the same time, and crowding into all the places of public amusement at the same time—and thus, as it seems to me, getting the worst out of nearly everything.

From the community's point of view—for work and leisure, staggered hours (not only in the winter but all the year round, and not only for work but for holidays, shopping and a good many other things) would be one of the finest social adjustments we could make.

Of course, I'm talking nowadays as a man who's in the happy position of being his own boss.

Most of my friends tell me that my sort of life is one continual holiday. In a way they're right. I'm doing the kind of work I want to do when I want to do it. And working seven days a week at something I want to do *is* a continual holiday, compared with working the normal five or five-and-a-half days a week at something someone else orders me to do.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

with my feet up

Honi Soit

WIVES, SAID Mr. Justice Wallington recently, will persist in thinking evil in circumstances in which there is no evil.

Actually, quite a lot of husbands have held this view for a long time. Especially those husbands with big blue eyes, wide, innocent faces and a slight haze of alcohol round them.

I asked a well-known wife what she thought of the judge's statement.

"What does he mean by 'where no evil exists'?" she asked. "I've had three husbands and I take it for granted that evil exists. That's why men like me but other wives don't."

"But evil might not exist," I said.

"You men always stick up for each other," she said.

"Somebody's got to," I answered.

"Personally, I assume husbands to be guilty until they're proved innocent," she said.

"And what do you do when they're proved innocent?" I asked.

"They never are," she said. "Anyway, I'd hate to marry an entirely innocent man—it would make me feel guilty."

To even things up, I interviewed a well-known husband.

"Evil? Who, me?" he said.

"You think the judge was right, then?" I asked.

"Right, of course he was right! What women don't realize is that it is possible for a man to be guilty and innocent at the same time."

"Hmmm!" I said.

"You're talking like my wife," he said. "She says 'Hmmm!' when she suspects evil like the judge said."

"Sorry," I said.

"Take last night, for instance. I know I arrived home at ten o'clock instead of seven, but it wasn't my fault. When I went for a quick one after leaving work, I didn't know I was going to run into Bill and Ernie. Innocent, I was—but she didn't think so."

"Pity. . . ." I said.

"Now take the case of that little blonde. The wife suspected evil all over the place, but I was entirely innocent."

"Were you?" I said.

"Certainly," he replied. "The blonde wouldn't play."

"Hmmm!" I said.

"After I'd been married three or four years, I bought one of those rows of monkeys, *See no evil, Hear no evil, Speak no evil*, and put it on the mantelpiece."

"A hint?" I asked.

"Do you know what happened? It was during the spring, and I told the wife, quite casually, that I'd read an article in a paper suggesting that husbands and wives should take their annual holidays separately."

"What did she say to that?"

"She didn't say anything. She just gave me a look and then threw those damned monkeys at me."

by Ian Fox

The whole village chuckled over Mr. Prys's love affair. One night his wife determined to find out

"Go back, Jane. This is not the place for you," said her husband, firmly

NONE SO BLIND

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

THE FIRST THING Mrs. Prys had bought on coming back from her honeymoon had been a tin of brass polish. That had been thirty years ago and she wondered sometimes, now, just how many tins she had used in all the years.

For going into the kitchen of her cottage was like some hall of mirrors with all the many brasses shining and twinkling. Cheese samplers and corkscrews. Candlesnuffers and old copper warming pans. All these lining the walls so that the wallpaper only showed through here and there in gay floral patches.

Mrs. Prys had been collecting brasses even before she married. When she was cook at the Top Hall and Mr. Prys was the butcher's roundsman, calling twice a week at the back entrance.

And the brasses had become more and more in the thirty years. The brasses coming to take the place of Mr. Prys. Bit by bit as it were, as he drifted farther away. For Mr. Prys had a mistress and Mrs. Prys was now only his cook, just like she had been up at the Hall. Making his meal and packing his sandwiches. For he ate much out, being now a travelling butcher. Going from farm to farm with the pig-killing. Up early, for he always walked.

And home late when he had been calling to see Her. For he called to see Her often in the week, as well as at the weekends when he left Mrs. Prys completely. They both talked of this woman as "Her" so that now she was an accepted part of both their lives, this mistress of Mr. Prys. Her had said this or done that. Or what did Her say about it?

LIKE that it was, a scandal at first among the parish. But a scandal not coming to a head, nothing happening. So that the whole thing was accepted. And anyone who, at first, might have felt sorry for Mrs. Prys, was told by the others how happy she was that way and devoted to the brasses.

Things would have gone on that way until Her or Mr. or Mrs. Prys had died and the triangle had settled itself. But sin, as the people said, brought realization, though thirty years it take to come.

A frost had come in and it had been freezing hard now since Boxing Day, a fortnight ago. So that over the country they were packing all the outside pumps with straw. The greenhouses were heated as never before up at the Hall, and in places the river was beginning to freeze over.

Coming down each morning Mrs. Prys found a mist on her polished brasses, it was that cold. And although she tried leaving in a good fire all night, it only warmed those nearest to it.

As Mrs. Prys came downstairs she knew that he had come in. For from halfway up the stairs she could hear the roar of the newly lit morning fire and sometimes the soft clink of cup on saucer. For after he had been with Her he was always generous and kind to Mrs. Prys. Not but that he was that way always. Only he did the little things for his wife. As if he was still with Her. The habit of things until he realized that he was home among the brasses. And then he would change.

"Hallo, Sam, you have come home then?"

Mrs. Prys always said that to greet him. The first time he had been away she had said that to him when he had come home again. He had been sorry, but it had not stopped him doing it all over again.

He was pouring water from the kettle into the big brown teapot.

"Ay, Jane. Come home again. Like some tea?"

She didn't answer but he made it and brought across a cup to her where she stood by the bottom of the stairs.

"Cold outside, Sam?"

"Ay, Jane."

Just like neighbours they were in their talking.

"How is Her?"

"Grand, Jane. But Her wants to learn to skate."

Mrs. Prys gulped her tea and came over to where he stood, his back to the fire. "Who is going to teach Her? It's dangerous to be on the ice. It may give way and once under the ice, you're a goner."

Mr. Prys took his hands from behind his back and clasped them in front of him.

"I shall teach Her. I could skate once. Do you not remember how once I waltzed you round the time the Big Pool up at the Hall last froze? In our early courting days?"

"I was young then, Sam. You were, too. You are too stiff now to skate."

He shook his head.

"Her has asked and I will teach Her."

And Jane knew that it would be just like that.

It was in the evenings that Sam taught Her to skate. Jane knew that by the way he came home early in the evening from the day's killing of pigs on the farms. Killing or the cutting up of the dead pigs, for he had to leave a few days in between.

He would come home early and straightway ask for his tea. Then he would go upstairs and change into breeches and knee-high leather boots. These were the only ones which he didn't expect Jane to clean. He would eat his tea quickly and then brush his hair in the mirror by the front door. His fine grey hair with the one curly lock which ever kept dropping over his face. Then with a half "Goodbye, Jane," he would go and she could hear him tramping away in the moonlight.

He took skates but he never said where he was going. But Jane knew that for the last three nights he must have been teaching Her to skate up on the Hall Pond where all the skaters went and

What do you notice first?

What is the very first thing your eye goes to when you enter a room? 9 people out of 10 look first at the fireplace!

How important then to keep your range bright! Use Zebo; it gives a rich black sparkle. *What's more, experts say that a black surface throws out more heat than almost any other.* So you get more heat from your fire by giving the firebricks and surround a regular coating of Zebo.

We are doing our best to improve supplies.

ZEBO

LIQUID GRATE POLISH

Reckitt & Sons, Hull and London

"Look darling, how terribly old fashioned!"

where they had the storm lanterns under the dark of the trees, where the moonlight did not reach.

And tonight he had gone again. Not so much as a "Goodbye" this time. And Jane had left the washing-up, and had gone upstairs quickly, to see him before he had gone around the bend of the lane.

Up there she breathed on the window, putting her old pale mouth close to the glass. For the window was becoming opaque already with the frost. Then, putting her one eye to the clear patch in the window, she looked down the lane, towards the Hall, for she knew the way he was going.

There he was, with his quick walk and the long shadow of his swinging arms. His hair showing up wonderfully clear in the full moon.

MOMENTS when she had seen him before, in the moonlight, came back to her. Long ago when they had been courting and he had laughed and said that her thirty years against his twenty-two was nothing. What was eight years when they were in love?

Carefully Jane went down the stairs again and put on her coat from behind the front door. Put the guard over the fire and turned down the oil-lamp on the table. So that all the twinkle went out of the brasses and there was only left the dull reflected red glow of the fire.

Opened the front door and then down the lane, after him and the way he had gone.

He had the start, and besides that the ice on the little pools in the lane slowed her.

And when she set off across the footpath over the fields the stiles hampered her. Her ears tingling and a cold numbness setting in on her toes.

Jane came upon the Hall Big Pool quite suddenly. She had half forgotten the way and it all looked different in the moonlight. The shadows of everything so very dark and the white frost on the crinkling grass. Through a fringe of trees and there was the Pool. It frightened her coming upon it so suddenly for there was the noise and the light on it. Fifty or more skaters glided over it and the skating and the grating, the cutting of the skates.

The light from the row of flares burning along the three sides of the pool. Old rags stuck into tins of paraffin and burning yellow, with masses of black smoke from the flickering flame. Even under the trees where she was standing, she could smell the bitter of the burning paraffin.

And along the other side of the pool, just at her feet, were the stable lanterns spaced out to show where the ice ended under the black quietness of the tree. Hardly a skater venturing here for the ice was thin sometimes in the shade of the trees where the frost did not fully reach.

Jane stood there in between two of the lamps, gradually getting used to the noise and the light. Then she started to look for Sam. Wanting to know now what she had missed, what she had accepted in the past.

It was hard to see him in the moving crowd. So many in breeches and so far away that the moonlight gave them all swinging arms and the big tall figure of Sam.

It was only when they skated into the yellow light at the edge of the pool that she could see who they were.

Then quite near to her she saw Sam. He skated slowly to the side of the pool, quite near to her in the light of the last flare. And he was quite alone. Standing there spinning around on his one foot, both hands in his breeches pockets now. Then a little kick with his one foot and he was off again into the centre of the pool.

Jane stepped out on to the ice under the trees. Testing the ice with one foot first and surprised that it bore her weight. Then she edged out from under the shadow of the trees and out among the skaters.

Here, too, she paused until she became used to the speed of the people. Moving on only when there was a clear patch. And moving on, too, only with one foot at a time.

Some of the skaters looked at her a moment. But she knew none of them.

Living in the cottage with the brasses and her thoughts she mixed little with other people, the Co-op. bringing her food to the door and she never attended worship.

SHE had walked almost across the pool before he came up to her. Coming up behind her and whirling right in front of her. So that the ice creaked and she splayed out her legs in case it should break.

"Hallo, old woman," he said.

"Hallo, Sam. I could not find you."

"Go back, Jane. This is not the place for you."

She had already half turned before she remembered what she had come for.

"Her, Sam. Where is Her?"

He scraped the ice with his one skate, like a horse itching to be on the move again.

"Her? There has been no Her for years now."

"Then, why, why is it, where do you go?"

"Lodgings. I have a room in the village."

He had stopped scraping now and looking down she could see his one foot ready for the cut, to move away.

"In the village?"

"In the village. They all understand. 'Tis the brasses, Jane. No comfort for a man."

And with that he was away.

She crossed to the bank and stood there still.

Then, feeling cold, she started to walk slowly back home. No comfort for a man what with the fire and the feather bed?

Hard to understand him leaving all that to go skating on a cold moonlight night.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

His Wages Up, Compensation Down

NATIONALISATION of the coal mines has created a problem for a reader. He writes:

"I am a partial compensation case, now working on the surface at the pithead, and drawing compensation for injuries received while working underground. This compensation is paid by a mutual indemnity insurance company on behalf of colliery owners.

"When family allowances came into operation, this insurance company immediately reduced my supplementary allowances because I am receiving family allowances for two children. Had they the right to do this?

"When the Government nationalised the mines last year, was the indemnity insurance company taken over? Or does it carry on as before?

"Recently, when I got a 10s. rise in wages, my compensation was reduced. If this compensation is paid by a private firm of insurers, surely it is they who are reaping the benefit of the rise in wages—not me. Is all this in order?"

The indemnity company was entitled to reduce your allowances for the children, as these may not be obtained from two sources. The company will remain liable for your compensation despite nationalisation.

If there has been a general increase in wages with the effect of raising your pre-accident pay, you may be entitled to a review of your case. But if the increase only affects your present wages for light work the company appears to be in order in making the reduction in your compensation.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

SWISS HOLIDAY PRIZES COMING!

Get into practice by studying these Winners

"BULLETS" 1,619 FIRST PRIZE, £600: W. Downing, 77 Hilltop Lane, Kimberworth, near Rotherham:

FRESH AIR ABOUT WORKERS, "BRACING" BRITANNIA

SECOND PRIZE, £50: E. Hull, 89 Mellor Lane, Mellor, near Blackburn: SMITH, BROWN AND JONES — BEHIND COMMUNIST — WITH BOOTS!

THIRD PRIZE, £25: Mrs. M. Bell, 9 South Crescent, Thirsk, Yorks: WE MAY BE POOR, BUT—WE'VE SIX KIDDIES' MONEYBOXES!

OTHER AWARDS: £20: S. A. Banks, Heatherbank, Broyle Lane, Ringmer, Lewes: FOR WEDDING—MUCH PREPARATION—*Marriage*, LITTLE. £15: S. Wells, 54 The Pies, Buxton: THE DOCTORS—PUTTING STATUS BEFORE STATE. £10: J. Hartley, 3 Lindeth Avenue, Gorton, Manchester, 11: IF GRANDPA HAD HIS WAY—CRUISER OUTSIDE PRAGUE, TOO! £9: Miss A. Williams, c/o Gorwell, Kilgerran, Pem: DELAYED WEDDING—DELAYING WEDDINGS—BRICKS, MORTAR. £8: J. T. Clements, 73 Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, S.W.16: WATCH THE TARGET AND—*Earn* YOUR EVENING'S DARTS! £7: H. Hawkins, Club Yard, Ancaster, Grantham: PAGEANT OF SPRING—UPLIFTING—DIDN'T SEE BULL! £6: H. W. Couzens, 83 Higham Road, Tottenham, N.17: DREADFUL CHILD—ANNOYING OLDEST INHABITANT, GRANDPA!

FIVE PRIZES of £3, 12 of £2, 24 of 30s., 50 of 20s., and 1,000 of 2s. 6d. have also been posted.

CASH and BICYCLES

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£300, £25, £10 EACH PLUS £14 BICYCLE

£500

or ALL-MAINS RADIO if preferred

Winners unable to make good use of Bicycle or Radio will be offered a cash payment instead.

10 of £5 each plus FOUNTAIN-PEN, 25 "Bullets" Seasons, 1,948 "Good Shot" Prizes.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

Being British
Lover Of Peace
Steady On, Stalin
Titanic Struggle
The Other Fellow
It Can Be Done, But
We Hope — A Dog's Life
To Save Time — Objected To
Eagerly — Cold Water
Squeezed In — Hypnotized
Wondering When
Over And Over Again
In A Bad Way
Dad's Old Bike
Off She Went And
What He Doesn't Know

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

If Everybody ... — Hard To.....
Left The..... — Champion .....
.....Idea — At Grips With...

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated April 24, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD £100 and SURPRISE PARCELS this week—value up to £225

£100 First Prize
Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up—12-item Parcel of Foodstuffs, Cigarettes, etc., from Selfridges with each prize value £1 or over.

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Plain-paper Squares, same rate of Entry-fee. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 17.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature upon coupon constitutes agreement to Rules.

3 BIG CHEQUES WON—XWORD 571

WINNING WORDS: ACROSS: 1, Faces. 3, Heap. 6, Load. 8, Famed. 10, Grind. 11, Gang or Ging. 12, Cat. 13, Care. DOWN: 1, Fill. 2, Chasm. 4, Easter. 5, Pace. 7, Forms. 9, Dance. 10, Grip.

THREE £100 SHARERS: G. Horton, "Newlands," Chepstow Road, Newport; F. Part, Westerleigh Road, Pucklechurch, Bristol; Mrs. Rainford, 24 Burnley Road, Ainsdale, Southport.

Awards value £25 shared between 16 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Surprise Parcels in addition.

CLUES FOR XWORD 575

Across

1. Human kind of this naturally reveals character
2. Girl may have many a one on a piece of string
3. Britain's these are an incalculable asset
8. New one is seen much less frequently, these days
9. Ingenuity is often shown in finding original names for these
10. Illustrious art critic may make quite a lot of
14. Eldest son is more likely than younger sons to be given this by dad
15. It's not always wise for them to be open

Down

4. A young girl in love is full of
5. Vigorous play may well bring them back
6. Are sometimes of an experimental nature
7. Some who set out to do this are driven back
11. Wife may well go over them with you before going on holiday
12. There are people who enjoy being on this on holiday
13. One naturally prefers the kind which can be washed out with ease

ADDRESS ENTRY:

"BULLETS" 1,623 (or XWORD 575) "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Ap. 17 containing **Grand Holiday Offer**

436
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EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
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B. .....

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1,623 MON., APRIL 5
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value.....
No..... Closing Postmark. MON., APRIL 5
Signed..... 575
Address.....
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